A TRIP THROUGH BIBLE LANDS AND EUROPE

GEORGE P. OLIVER

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Allen Party in Egypt.

A TRIP THROUGH BIBLE LANDS AND EUROPE

A JOURNALISTIC RECORD OF A TOUR MADE IN THE SUMMER OF 1914, JUST BEFORE THE WORLD-WIDE WAR

BY

GEORGE F. OLIVER, D. D.

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PREFACE

THE pages of this book are a journalistic record of an auspicious tour taken just before the world-wide war of 1914. The book does not attempt extended discussions of places or people. It does contain the author's impressions and conclusions growing out of a traveler's observations in the countries traversed. The writer believes that there are many readers of like taste with himself who will obtain pleasure from the facts and incidents mentioned. Our travel letters from abroad were read with such interest as to inspire the hope that a fuller book account at this epoch of history will prove a welcome addition to travel literature and Bible study.

Our party was small and our conductor experienced. His personal sympathy and presence throughout the trip insured the largest possibilities for the time occupied and places visited. The date of our journey was the most attractive in the world's history.

A condensed itinerary follows which may guide the reader in the selection of chapters as outlined also in table of contents:

The Atlantic Ocean, Azores, Strait of Gibraltar, Algiers (Africa), Sardina, Naples, Straits of Messina, Greece, Athens, Mediterranean Sea, Alexandria and Cairo, Goshen, Suez Canal and Port Said (Egypt); the Holy Land and Damascus, Baalbek and Beirut (Syria); Patmos, Vathy, Smyrna, the Dardenelles, Sea of Marmo-

ra, Constantinople, the Bosporus (Turkey); the Balkans including Sophia (Bulgaria), Belgrade (Servia), the Danube, Hungary and Dalmatian Alps; Fiume and the Adriatic Sea; Venice, Florence, Rome, Pisa, Genoa, Milan and lakes of Italy; Switzerland and her lakes and mountains; Germany and the Rhine; Holland and the Hague; Belgium, her cities, her grottos and her Waterloo; France Paris; the English Channel, London, her parks and museums.

The illustrations have the special merit of being nearly all original views taken by the author or under his direction, though not always under the most favorable circumstances.

The "Question Chapter" and "Our Journey in Rhyme" are supplemental but furnish a key to the main story of the book. By many they will be read with profit before the other chapters are perused.

G. F. O.

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A Trip Through Bible Lands And Europe

I.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

FOR many years it was the dream and hope of the writer to make the trip to Bible Lands which he now attempts to record. The novelty of the first journey abroad has greater interest for him who makes the trip than for those who read about it; nevertheless, as public address is of value largely because of the individuality of the speaker, so this story may have special value because of its personal viewpoint and conclusions. With some desire for recreation, my chief purpose has been to freshen conceptions of the Bible story, renew memories of historic study, and absorb missionary and civic facts. The purpose of my journey was providentially favored by the arrangement secured. Ours was the Palestine Party conducted by Dr. Ray Allen, Rochester, New York.

We sailed out of Bush Dock, New York, on board the S. S. Martha Washington, March 21st under the most fortunate conditions. Our Austro-American vessel with six hundred steerage and two hundred cabin passengers furnished an interesting study, if not companionship, for

the fifty-two first-class passengers, half of whom were made up of our party of Bible Land tourists.

Going abroad is a little like dying, so far as separations are concerned. Friends and native shores recede and thoughts turn toward the distance. As we were leaving the wharf, a party of three, careless of the warning given, found themselves belated and shut off from shore as the gang plank had been pulled. They ran for the exit but were too late. They cried to the captain for help to get off the ship. Their useless pleadings, which were later respected by the captain in his own way, taught us a moral lesson. We watched the harbor boat that had to be summoned while our ship was delayed that the unfortunates might be transferred, a serious expense for careless postponement and disregard of "orders from above."

After scanning farewell letters and reminders from loved ones, and exploring his new residence, the traveler begins to adjust himself. Congenial companionship forbids loneliness. The social life of shipboard stimulates, while the soporific air makes eating a pleasure and sleeping a prolonged luxury. Though constrained by the limits of the vessel and hedged in by the dimensions of one's berth, there is freedom from care and opportunity for private and social life that belong alone to the sea. Seclusion and quiet furnish a special inspiration to one who loves to commune with nature and nature's God. A student of Bible truth headed for Bible lands finds unwonted pleasure in the lessons furnished by such Scripture as the 23d and 121st of the Psalms. Fear is banished as one reads of Peter's fright in the presence of the waves, but who sank not, because of his Master's voice and his Master's hand.

Meditation on some good advices given, helps pass the time and prevent the ills so many expect when first launched upon the deep. One of the best counsels, which was well tested in this tour and may be of suggestive value to others, runs as follows: "To have a good time at sea, be natural, shun remedies, forget care, trust God." This spirit enables one to prove the joy of faith and the strength of the promise, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." The distant and muffled throbbing of the great engine reminds us of the ceaseless care of Him who never slumbers.

We left port on Saturday. Sunday brings the privilege of our first sermon on shipboard, which is heard with interest by a select audience. The average traveler is neither very religious nor studious; possibly because pleasure and business figure foremost in the ordinary tourists thoughts. To keep a gracious and grateful spirit and seek opportunities of lifting others' burdens would make strangers less mindful of their own weal and more careful of others' woe. To leave the superior comforts of the first cabin and speak, through an interpreter, a Gospel message to the crowded steerage herd below starts a new appreciation of one's home atmosphere of liberty, soap and prayer.

A ship well furnished, to the passenger at sea, is a little world in itself, and a first trip passenger finds it a new world indeed. Our Austrian captain has been in charge of this ship four years. He speaks six languages, is courteous and respectful of the comforts of his passenger crowd; as are also his four associate officers. The discipline of the seafaring crew makes him a man to be

respected as well as trusted. His orders are law. The Austrian flag at masthead represents the Government. Rebellion is crime and arrests can be made for any violation of law.

Our Marconi operators receive wireless messages from the ever-active and sensitive machines, operated night and day. These keep us in touch with receding shores and with the whole world. If patronage will not justify the expense of several thousands per year, the wireless information is not printed but is only posted on occasional bulletins or treasured in the officers' records for their own guidance and pleasure. A daily news sheet, printed on the largest steamers, is a very common bond of union with the outside world while crossing the boundless, but not trackless, sea; for ship lines have their appointed paths in mid-ocean almost as well defined as railroads upon land.

Competing steamship lines are jealous of their honors and proud of their records. Happy for the traveling public of all continents that since the Titanic iceberg tragedy of recent years, a new standard of safety rather than speed is coming into favor. A wonder of modern days is found in a statement that a great North Atlantic passenger line, among many millions carried in seventy years, has never lost a soul by accident. Another advertises only one person lost in 800,000 passengers carried in the past twenty years. It is not surprising that ocean travel is becoming so increasingly popular, for a well built ship cannot sink at sea, and steamship rivalry makes it possible to secure passage, cabin comforts and meals, medicine, library, gymnasium, music, fresh air, tonics and servants equal to the best hotels and at a cost less than

Pullman car-fares, as a strong inducement to make the trip across the seas.

What a debt we all owe to the primitive sailors and to Columbus, who, as a daredevil, kept his tubs above water and mastered his men so as to make them stay with him to the day of discovery! The progress we have made in these centuries is impressed upon the thoughtful tourist as he gazes at the life-boats, notes the movements of the watchmen and studies the facilities for the comfort and health of passenger and crew.

The charts on shipboard are a source of constant interest and wonder to the watchful passenger. Those who wish may learn of the ocean, the winds, the magnetic variation of the compass, the ice and fog areas, the changes of climate, the location of the patrol boats; though the average passenger leaves these valuable points of information to the captain. From our journal I take the memorandum of one day's log, which is bulletined daily, as a sample of the information given the tourist who cares to mark the facts: "March 23. Latitude 40 degrees, 10 minutes; N. Longitude 35 degrees, 59 minutes; W. Course S. 89. Distance 361.8 miles. Average speed 15.39 miles. Thermometer 56, Barometer 29.6 degrees. Wind N. N. W. 4. Sky cloudy. Sea N. E. quarter." In addition to this our party are favored with a daily lecture on nautical, geographical or historic matters of special interest to the company of tourists who gather about our conductor. His many trips across the sea and through all countries maks him a court of information and appeal seldom found by travelers. To this, there is added his personal interest in the small company who are ready to do his bidding as well as take his suggestions.

Time passes rapidly and every twenty-four hours' travel marks a change in the ship clock and one is daily obliged to change his private timepiece, turning it forward or backward a half hour or more according to distance traveled east or west.

He who cares, may join us in a visit with the steward, guide and engineer to the engine room and the stokers' work-shop thirty feet below the water line. To explore the ship is to make a world tour in itself. We pass the steerage cabin, walk down the narrow stairway and upon grated floors far below the water's edge. We study the engine pistons upon which our progress depends. The electric motors, the ice plants, the pumps, the boilers, the stokers who work in turns day and night without ceasing, all tell of the forethought of captain and ship owners on behalf of the traveling public. How little thought is given by the public for these men who slave for the sake of the cargo and passengers aboard! But the rest given at periods to the machinery as a necessity for its life as well as to the laborers, reminds us of the law of the divine Sabbath which was made for man.

I clip this from my journal to show a little of the life on shipboard across the Atlantic: "Sea long today, calm and beautiful sailing. The vessel rocks as it is lightened of its ballast of coal in firing. Crew painting the masts. How careless of peril, these "steeplejacks," but faithful sailors and governed by rule and habit! Wind calm as a summer morning. Clouds fleecy. What a home spirit pervades our party family! Four days at sea makes us feel as if we had known each other for years. Very few meals missed by any. Luxurious feeding: six courses for breakfast, nine for luncheon, ten for dinner, with tea and

crackers served on deck twice a day besides! Too much luxury. For recreation, spent an hour today in deck golf; later with deck quoits; thirteen times around the deck for exercise. Devotions in cabin and the reading of the 103d of the Psalms brings a grateful atmosphere, and one of trust, to the heart who loves to commingle prayer and correspondence, conversation and good diet, nature study and curious inquiry, both for profit and diversion. The 'Captain of our salvation' is also a fine sea captain. His counsel and company make a sea trip a 'bon voyage' indeed. A new text opens today: Mark 8:37—'He hath done all things well.'"

We are traveling at the rate of three hundred sixty-four miles daily. Constant change of time produces a queer sensation upon one unused to it. Many water marks guide the officers of the ship, and by them, we may reckon at any time just where we are in relation to port and other vessels. These water marks are quite as dependable as the land marks on shore. The compass, the chart, the chronometer, the revolutions of the engine, the sun and stars, all help locate the ship at sea. Only in fogs is a ship likely to be "lost"; and it is these that cause the greatest peril to seamen. The fog horn at sea is the most alarming and disconcerting sound that greets the tourist. Alarm signals occasion unrest; but in emergencies, the submarine warning bell system furnishes sure protection. This device by which the light ship calls danger ten to fifteen miles under water, where fog signals could not be heard more than a short distance, is a triumph of modern invention.

Let us take a trip with the captain to the bridge where the officers in four-hour relays, resort to guide the

vessel and guard the safety of the passengers and cargo. Here is the new barometer with an automatic record running a full week till rewound, showing the pressure of the air and the conditions of the atmosphere for many miles about. The double compass, the telephone systems, remind us how far we have distanced the sailing vessel of the early centuries. We are shown an automatic fire life-saving apparatus. If a man fall overboard the warning is given and the life-line is dropped at once, and the fire falls upon the ocean, where it burns from twenty-five to thirty minutes until the lifeboat can reach the spot where the man has fallen. How the outlook increases as we rise towards the clouds! Five miles are visible from the passenger deck; ten miles from the bridge's lookout, and fifteen miles from the masthead.

Let us thank the deck steward for a copy of a provision sheet which shows the quantity of everything needed for supplying of boat, passengers, officers and crew, for a single trip across the ocean from New York to Trieste, Austria. It will entertain us to note that the moderate size steamer must take in ballast, 1450 T. of coal; 800 T. of fresh water—double the amount of water necessary, to provide for emergencies. The amount of flour, cigars, wine, poultry, meat, etc., for eight hundred fifty people for a ten days' trip causes us to wonder. A whole city's supply stores are here condensed and prepared with forethought. Such provision for our bodies throws light upon the meaning of such promises as, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Indeed, this is a Bible school as well as a school of science.

But we are near the Azores, a possession of Portugal,

Passing the Sphinx and Pyramid Cheops.

Entrance to the Museum, Cairo.

two thousand miles from New York. This quarter million of people of peasant Portugese, seventy-five per cent. of whom cannot read, are a peaceful, isolated, industrious, clean and moral, though ignorant, class of strangers. These inhabitants of the Hawk Islands, including Fayal and Peco, are living on a strange volcanic formation, in a beautiful climate with an average temperature of sixty-five degrees. Its fertile fields on terraced mountain sides run down to the cliffs over which are spread many little water-falls. It is eight hundred miles to Portugal and one thousand miles to Gibraltar. Our glasses are brought out and the mountains, gardens, farms, foaming water-falls and church spires form a charming landscape.

We are soon in the harbor of Horta; but the rain begins to fall and the heavy rain and agitated sea prevent the landing of our party. The yellow quarantine flag, the Portugese, the Austrian and the U. S. Marine blue flag are all shown in the harbor. A large motor boat meets us; also a row boat with officers to take mail and a few passengers who must land in spite of the weather. We get a fine view of the mountain streams, and the volcanic rocks with their waving mountain lines against the sky. Hedge fences around garden spots adorn the white and clean cottage homes which dot the hillsides and extend far up towards the mountain peaks. Peco (the peak) is opposite Fayal and rises seven thousand feet from the level of the sea and looses its head in the clouds that hood its skyward brow. Guia is a segment of a volcano sixty feet across. In the distance we can see the grape terraces, the grazing cows, the wind-mills upon the hill and the old ruins of forts. Now the sun shines out and a rainbow falls first prostrate upon the water, then in small

segments of sky line, very distinct, and striking to the eye of even the most experienced travelers. It is a charming diversion to watch the spray of the waves dashing along the abrupt cliff of the island or rushing through tunnels of rock. We are leaving the islands, followed by a flock of sea-gulls, and soon pass into a calm beautiful night where the sun sets in glory, and the stars come out for the first time since we left our New York port. Observations of stars and sun supplement the calculations by sextant and box, so that the seamen as well as passengers welcome the starlit sky as they are pleased with the shining of the sun.

He who travels the sea is careless indeed of the best sights if he fails to wait and watch the sun set in the clear sky and the sun rise in a clear dawn. In two minutes and forty seconds the sun sinks into the ocean like a great golden eagle when, it may be, the fringe of fleecy clouds crowns it all with changing halos. Our ship is wonderful as a minature world, but the sea and sky are God-made and surpass all else in panoramic grandeur. The Bible reveals both God and man. If faith removes mountains and plants them in the midst of the sea, who planted the Portugese Azores in the great Atlantic? Alas, for the faith that cannot even pull a sycamore tree out of root! How much of this futile faith we see in the priest-ridden and self-indulgent religions that have, after centuries of Gospel light and Bible teaching, dwarfed the life of whole nations.

Another perfect day with ideal ocean, brings us near the great Mediterranean Sea, the most important body of water on earth. It is two-thirds as long as the Atlantic is wide. It is the birthplace of history. It has a

ragged margin and is twenty-five hundred miles long and from six hundred feet deep near Gibraltar to fourteen thousand in the Ionian Sea. It is the center of history in all centuries. It is the area of Phoenician maritime life and Bible history from 1100 B. C. to the present day.

Rising early we are again thrilled by the glory of the sun "with healing in his wings." Six ships appear in sight. We are nearing the strait of Gibraltar and the Great Sea. With our glass we behold for the first time the Spanish coast with villages. Tarifa comes in view. How barren the cliffs and hedged fields lining the mountains, though grass and growth appear! Not so with the African coast, where Tangiers comes in sight and the range of territory occupied by the French and where Moorish watch towers crown the heights and remind us of the two great continents toward which we sail.

Look at Gibraltar yonder, rising with a rocky front, a monument and a symbol for all the ages. At a cost of two hundred fifty million dollars, the English Government has turned its abrupt peaks and bluffs into a fort and interminable barracks. What a shifting crown of fleecy cloud, like a bridal hood, now settles down upon it! Again it lifts, revealing the coasts of Spain and Africa four to six miles distant on either side. Gibraltar towers fourteen hundred feet and has on its northeast side a roof of concrete to bring rain water to the barren fort which honeycombs the top of the rocky cliffs. Old Gibraltar stands like a defiant giant and is the wonder of the world. Did Hercules plant her foundations? A greater than he laid her base and raised her peaks; monarch of all nations, a tribute everlasting to our Father and our God.

II.

ALGIERS, NAPLES AND MESSINA

ABOUT 3 P. M., Mar. 31, we are steaming into Algiers, Africa. A great stone wall forms a breakwater to protect the harbor. The crescent bay, distant hillsides with beautiful residences, and the water front crowded with great commercial houses form a most charming picture. After a visit from the quarantine officer, our party are taken into a launch and we are soon at the dock. Our friend, Dr. E. F. Freese, superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal missionary work in north Africa, has been notified and stands in waiting to welcome us. I become his guest for the afternoon and evening while Dr. Allen takes charge of the rest of the party for a visit about the city. Two mosques with Moslem worshipers, many loungers about the streets, an ancient cathedral, native and French shops, a Moorish fort, and the mongrel city crowd in the streets and alleys, remind us that we have entered a strange land.

Soon, in company with Dr. Freese, we are in a tramway winding up the hillside to visit the girls' hostel or mission house. "We will get off" he said, "at the Inn of the Two Stubborn Ones"; and when we land, there upon the face of the tavern is the explanation of the name. A haltered mule, one of the stubborn ones, is pulling against the other one, who is as determined and about

as hard to overcome, from the artist's point of view, as the mule. It is a woman pulling against a beast. The sign is the first announcement in Oriental lands of the degradation of woman in the thought of the people. We will ascend to the school where they are preparing for a bazaar. The teachers meet us in a flower covered yard and welcome the missionary and his friend. A brief visit, the songs of the student girls, the sacred atmosphere of this Christian home where the girls from pagan and Mohammedan families are lifted into ideals of Christian life and learning, impress us at once with the value of Christian mission work in the midst of a degenerate Moslem religion. Alas! for the sad and desperate home life which we meet in the Mohammedan countries everywhere! A similar contrast we find in the boys' school a little further down the hillside. The flowers, the sunshine, and the ministry of Gospel service and sacrifice in these schools reveal the worth of a pure religion as compared with the fruit of superstition and sin.

As my friend takes me by the arm for a walk among the dens of vice, shows me the forts, the gambling natives, the French aristocracy, wrecks of the former greatness of the Moors, the drilling of the Zouaves, the native loafers and the babel of languages to be found in this commercial seaport, I seem to have entered a colossal picture show. Later, when he brings me in a carriage to his own Christian home where we talk of social and religious conditions and past friendships in our native land, I fancy what it will mean to the tourist who arrives in heaven to meet a welcome which will bridge earth and sky with holy memories.

My associates have had some strange and perplexing

experiences but have landed aboard our vessel before me. Piloted through the dark waters, I am safely landed by my guide, where we continue our journey out into the Mediterranean on our way to Naples. April 1st is a day of beauty on a quiet sea. A cablegram has been sent by our conductor to our friends in America announcing our safe arrival. Our cabin worship and Bible reading increase our gratitude and lend us to covet more earnestly than hitherto, for information, inspiration and future help, the maximum of what we were ready to call "divine traveling grace."

April 2nd, in the bright sunshine and with calm sea, we have passed Sicily and are nearing Naples, where we arrive in the early afternoon. Before reaching this most beautiful bay of the world, we pass the Islands of Ichsia, a point of which is called in Acts 28:13, Puteoli. This is where Paul landed on his first journey to Rome. It is a small Italian port back from the point projecting into the sea. It is the first of the Bible towns of the many we shall tour. Perhaps I should except Tarshish in Spain which we have left many hundred miles behind us and towards which Jonah started from Joppa; but which for well known reasons, he failed to reach.

Long before coming into the Bay of Naples, we sight Vesuvius, the great and famous volcano which overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii in A. D. 79. Smoke hovers over its crater, which a later setting sun covers with an evening glory of fiery gold in mingled cloud and smoke. What a calm and lovely bay is Naples! Here is the island of Capri on one side; and before us, sailboats dot the peaceful waters in all directions, while various vessels of other nations crowd her docks. The

city rises against the hills and seems to be made of lofty business blocks, old castles, churches and cathedrals, and terraced residences of Oriental type arranged in crescent form above the bay.

There is no hurry now. Our ship makes slow passage towards the dock. It is met by Italian venders of fruit and flowers. On a long pole the boquets are pushed for sale up to the passengers on deck. Boy divers are about the ship calling for a shilling or lesser coin which, if thrown into the water, they invariably dive for and bring up either in their toes or fingers. Placing the money in his mouth and sitting upon his boat, the diver clamors for another coin and offers another plunge into the chilly water. At last we are permitted to walk the gangway and follow our conductor, who pushes the guides away and lands us among the carriage men who take us to the National Museum. Our time is short, but we visit the "Hercules," "The Captive Bull," "Father Nile," and study the Pompeiian exhibits of paintings and mosaics exhumed and framed as relics of the buried city. In this museum are more objects of art, illustrations of Pompeiian social and home life, than are to found in Pompeii itself. One room is well guarded and from it, women are excluded. It is explored with poignant aversion, for it reveals the cause of the downfall of the Roman Empire in the early centuries of the Christian era.

A tramway trip through the city shows its customs, its streets, its people. Naples is a conglomerate of ancient and modern life. Ox carts, mule teams, street-cars, carriages and autos, dog carts and goat herds, poverty and riches are mixed in a strange medley about the shops and stores. Here we see an ox, a mule and a horse,

all three yoked to one cart. Women are seen hauling heavily loaded carts which should be drawn by horses. In the narrow streets and busy marts, business men, street venders and dray wagons crowd each other to the wall and exhibit the competition and contrast of life in modern Italy.

To lovers of nature, it is more agreeable to visit the Aquarium, the best if not the greatest in the world. Here is strange stuff, the making of nature's own hand. It is worth while to see some things that are grown only in this climate. The eels, the electric fish, the sea horses, the nautilus, the game crabs, the multiform varieties of fish that live only in southern waters, combine to make a nature study of lasting impression. We loiter through the park adorned with palms and along the boulevard of the bay where the flowers bloom and pedestrians wander. The cowled monk and gowned beggar compete with carriage men and all kinds of venders in plying their trade upon the tourists who are supposed to be the best patrons.

At 9 P. M. our boat is steaming out of the harbor. Enchanted by the lights along the shore of this bay of beauty, our party will be pardoned if they gather on deck and spend an hour in sacred and patriotic hymns. "See Naples and die" says one writer; but we expect to live and see it again, perchance. Certainly we shall not forget its charm and the riches of its artistic and ancient sights. We must say an early good-night to each other and rise at 5 A. M., that we may have a good view of Stromboli, a smoking volcano near the head of Messina Straits. Yonder it rises three thousand feet above the sea, belching smoke again and again. At its base and next the sea is a quiet village, sure to be destroyed if ever this

Messina Straits, Italy. As seen from ship.

Temple of Jupiter, Athens.

volcano should grow angry and disgorge lava like Vesuvius. But the people live in peaceful unconcern as do the multitudes everywhere, though otherwise imperiled, in the midst of familiar dangers all about them.

A little later we are in sight of Mount Etna on the shores of "Sweet Sicily." We watch long until its snow-capped, hazy crown and sides fade away. Later, as we pass down the Straits, we reach Scylla on the left and Charybdis on the right, perhaps five miles apart. The sun is rising in morning glory upon the Straits and soon brings Etna again to our vision. We have scarcely time for breakfast. We hurry back on deck to watch through our glass the snowy sides of Etna and the charming peak which rises 10,938 feet and emits above her white robe, curling volumes of steady smoke. The heat melts the snow near the crater, leaving a picturesque view rarely seen anywhere in the world, of a giant gowned as a scarecrow of the gods.

Our morning ride through Messina reveals the evidences of the great earthquake of 1906, when perhaps almost one hundred thousand people lost their lives by the convulsion and the incoming tides of the sea. This city which enlisted the sympathy of the whole world, has still many temporary homes. Plaintive thoughts are awakened while we recall the sufferings of these humble people who lost their all "by the act of God" and, to this day, are unable to answer why.

We are nearing another Bible port, now called Acre or Reggio, which is the Rhegium of Acts 28:12-24, where Paul stopped for a day on the way to Puteoli and Rome. What barren slopes with beautiful terraced fields and villages along the foot-hills and seaside! Our minds run

back to the days of Caesar and the Phoenicians, of Paul and his companions. What a wealth of story gathers about these shores shadowed by craggy peaks and fringed by vineyards and church spires! Their history furnishes fitting themes for evening chat as well as inspiration for mellow dreams and midnight fancies.

We leave Italy and the Straits for a trip eastward across the Ionian Sea. Here the water is two miles deep and the waves are heavy. We are headed toward Patros where we shall see Greece early in the morning. We shall soon bid good-bye to our Martha Washington ship which has won our admiration, if not our love, for her splendid service in bringing us safe through 4500 miles towards this ancient and classic land. Thus far nature has smiled upon us: heaven has been propitious. All our party have proved themselves lovely and a few of us can boast of a sickless and ideal sea voyage.

III.

RURAL GREECE AND MARBLE ATHENS

APRIL 4th we are steaming into Patros, the western port of this historic and greatest little country in the world. We are packed up to leave our sea home. This is a lazy and luxurious method of travel: no worry, for our conductor shoulders all care and looks after the baggage, the boats, the custom-house toll. He carries our passports, opens our way, hires our carriages and relieves us of paying tips. A guide who is a father to us, and a friend, is worth more than we have to pay. It rests us from embarrassment at every turn. At 8 A. M. we are in the hotel and ready for a walk about the streets. This third famous city of Greece was raised to honor in 1821 when she first lifted a standard against the Turk. Byron loved it and died across the straits, almost as a Greek hero and, they say, his heart is still buried there.

It seems best to visit first, one of the most important Greek Catholic churches. The gorgeous eikon at the entrance, the fine paintings of the apostles and the conspicuous representation of Deity and the Holy Trinity so common to this class of churches in the east, entertain us for a restful hour. The eikons of the Eastern churches usually contain the image of Christ, the Virgin Mary, some saint or martyr, richly framed and decorated in

mosaic or with jewels and are shrines which are supposed to have miraculous power.

Ascending the great street stairway, we have a fine view of the gulf of Lepanto or Corinth. Here are the Greek soldiers on the plateau drilling near the barracks. Their cavalry of donkeys are being unsaddled, paraded, and later reloaded with detached guns for mountain service. We watch their maneuvers and walk up the heights and are finally admitted to the watch tower of the fort overlooking the bay. A complete view of the city, of the mountains and the whole picturesque landscape for miles towards all parts of the compass, rivets our attention for hours. One of the ladies of the party, full of adventure and with a climber's instinct and head, reaches the watch tower first and, from its high peak, waves a small American flag to our party below. She stands in the presence of a Greek soldier. Someone remarked that the United States had captured and raised the Stars and Stripes. But there was no protest against this band of Americans taking playful possession of the Greek fort: on the contrary, we find a cordial welcome to this enchanting spot. A Greek candy maker from Pennsylvania joined us, who could speak good English. He explained his errand back home as that of a volunteer soldier and pointed out to us varied attractions from this tower. He directed our attention to the tile-roofed buildings, the parading buglers, the busy brewery in the plain, the snow covered mountains, the wild flowers growing out of the rocks, the olive orchards on the plain, the grazing flocks in every direction, the tile-making yards of the city, the sail ships and steamers of the bay, the fleecy clouds, the plowed gardens with the peasant men and women. The domed

churches speak of religion; the landscape recites history, and picturesque nature praises the patriotic country which welcome us.

Greece is one-fourth the size of New York state. She leads the world's history in four respects: her literature, architecture, sculpture and language are the most famous of all lands and ages. It has two and a half millions of population. It is a mountainous country with less than one-fifth of its land tillable; but even to the high mountains, the workable land is very rich. Only patches of ground are framed and in many parts nothing but grapes and olives are raised. Mulberry and orange groves, with frequent flocks of sheep and goats, constitute the possessions of the humble, but strong and historic peasant people. Just now they are a proud and patriotic folk. Every man under twenty-one years drills six months to two years as a soldier. Thousands of Greeks from other countries are returning to serve a term of volunteer service in the army, that they may prepare for war when it comes again. At present they are elated by their recent victories over the Turks and Bulgarians.

Their chronology is thirteen days behind us; for this, by the Greek calendar, is the 22nd of March though we had supposed it to be April 4th. We left New York on the 21st of March and find ourselves in Greece one day after starting.

Lunch over, we are on the train. Second-class passenger accommodations in Europe are good enough for first-class people. Our party are shut up in three compartments with our baggage and without intrusion. For one hundred thirty miles we enjoy the finest scenery in the world, equalled only by Switzerland and Colorado.

We skirt the beautiful blue Gulf of Patros and pass the foothills of the mountains on the north. Hour after hour humble Grecian homes greet us where diligent peasants are tilling the soil, mostly in grape culture. Burdensome but effective methods are employed for irrigating field and orchard with water furnished by mountain streams. On the north is reared the snow covered head of old Parnassus, the home of Jupiter and the gods of mythical days. This diminutive railway, in contrast with English or American lines of travel, has plenty of time, and eighteen miles an hour is pretty swift passage in this land.

Soon we near Corinth, with the Acropolis above and the old ancient columns in sight. Excavations have been stopped, and we will pass on to the modern Corinth where Paul trod. A motley crowd of soldiers, boys, hackmen, venders of fruit, and loafers entertain us in their usual manner. A soldier, who speaks good English, tells us during our fifteen minute stop, how he learned to speak it in New York. Our native land has schooled multitudes of foreigners. As a soldier, he is proud of his country as all the rest are. We buy souvenirs, though we must deal sparingly in the offered junk in all our tour if we would get home without excessive baggage and an empty purse. Our stop is over. The little engine bell rings, the station signal is given, the conductor blows his horn and the "all aboard" in Greek drives us back to our compartments and we are soon crossing the canal of Corinth which connects the Aegean Sea and the Gulf of Lepanto. The bridge over the canal is one hundred seventy feet long, The canal itself is sharp and straight, seventy-five feet wide and twenty-six feet deep and has a length of

four miles. Caesar failed to build it, though he talked of it, and it was only finished in 1893. It is the greatest enterprise for Greece in modern times and makes the shortest steamer way from Venice to Athens. We admire its enginering, though it is a baby conquest compared with the pricelesss Panama and the great Suez Canal. The afternoon passes happily while, raptured with the matchless scenic views, we slowly wind along the foot of the mountain on the one hand and the bluff of the stream and gulf below. The fields, orchards and homes look clean and inviting; and the ancient and well piked roads prove that we are in a country in marvelous contrast with our native land in size and cultivation. These coaches are made for the daylight ride, and when night comes on, we have little more than the memory of daylight and gorgeous sunset and good hopes of brighter lamps as we see signs of Athens in the distance. Our little engine finally pulls us into the station and we are taken in carriages to our hotel apartments in one of the finest hotels, where we shall prepare for Palm Sunday in the city that has been noted as the home of famous people for twenty-nine hundred years.

It is a high privilege to spend Lord's day in Athens. The sun is bright and the weather ideal. A dazzle of white morning light breaks into our room from the eastern sky. The boys are shouting the sale of papers on the street below. People of Athens, as of old time, are still wanting to know some new thing. They read and they know. The strange language and customs of the Oriental Greek compel a sense of loneliness in a foreign land; but the shops and faces are more homgeneous than we find in Algiers or Naples, and more of a kind than we shall

see in Egypt, Jerusalem or Constantinople. The Greek signs in the street are in the same language that puzzled us in boyhood school days. A Greek teacher of our party takes pleasure in spelling out everything, while others pass them all up and depend wholly upon our guide. This is a marble city. Houses and pavements are dressed in white so that the noonday glare of the sun is painful to one unused to it. We are at once impressed that it is both an ancient and modern city. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes and Phidias speak to us out of the treasures of art that we find here, while the modern buildings and European garb tell us that we are in an age far distant from the past. It is sacred, historic soil. Everything charms and appeals to our thought. We are in school and every stone becomes a teacher.

Dr. Allen announces that he will take us to the king's church at 9:30 this morning. We find it full of men and women; the latter keeping in their places at one side or in the galleries, while the priests and men singers chant the majestic service. The candles and chandeliers are lighted by the multitude, all to exalt the Christ. No organ or instrument, only the voices of men and priests sound the praises. The people cross themselves reverently, bow before the eikons and keep in harmony with th swing of the censers and the chanting of the prayers from the full-bearded priests and attendant boys and choir leader. Here are the chairs of king and queen in the transept. Though not occupied today, they must not be touched or trespassed upon. There is no gayety nor signs of joy. Strangers are accorded a sincere welcome: this is a noted feature of all the Greek Catholic cathedrals. There is great reverence and a quiet, humble spirit manifest.

Allen Party at Parthenon, Athens.

Jail of Socrates, Athens.

Today a memorial service is held and prayers are offered for the dead. Sorrowing women and men come to the front laden with emblems of mourning. The Agape or love feast, is shared as the priest passes the blocks of bread to all who come forward.

After a walk about the attractive parks and the refreshing lunch at the Hotel Grand, we are journeying at three o'clock to Mars Hill. There is no reasonable doubt that this stony eminence is the place upon which Paul stood as the Areopagites, or city rulers, gathered to receive his famous address. We climb the difficult, much wrecked and worn steps, and from the height of this irregular Christian pulpit, we gaze upon the city to the west, the Acropolis to the north, and from all points of the compass, breathe in the gracious and historic atmosphere, bathing ourselves in the sunlight that seems almost divine. Others have gathered on this same sacred height to worship and it is proper that one of our number should read the story of Paul's sermon on Mars Hill as found in Acts 17:27-31. What a freshness and charm gather about these words of that intruding Christian apostle who so adroitly and with such courage and skill, such unction and power, addressed the learned ones of Greece and smote the idols which then covered all these rocks and hills and highways! Was his sermon a failure? Only Dionysius and a few others were converted. Many were convinced of the truth concerning the Christ of whom Paul spake. Centuries have passed. The then idolatrous and pagan, but cultured, Athens is now wholly a Christian city. Even the Turk has been driven out and the whole country is nominally Christian in religion and progressive in civilization. It is fitting that the prayers

of American ministers should ascend and the whole party should finally join in the hymn "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," while Greek boys and strange faces about us look in wonder and listen with interest. Even a crazy man with astonished mien is silent in presence of the sacred atmosphere. The spirits of apostles and philosophers seem again assembled to pay tribute to the "Name above every name" whose Gospel has conquered this famous hill and nation at last.

On leaving this wondrous spot, apparently neglected but embalmed in the affection of the Christian world, we gladly join a little later, the worshipers in the English Church and enter with spirit into the English service of Palm Sunday as with them, we sing:

"Ride on in majesty:
In lovely pomp ride on to die,
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain
Then take O God, thy power to reign."

It has been a glorious Sunday and we rest with gratitude in anticipation of a trip to the classic Acropolis on the morrow.

IV.

ANCIENT RUINS AND MODERN CUSTOMS

THE Acropolis is the crowning glory of ancient Athens. As we ascend the steps leading to this classic spot we are reminded that this hill once controlled the world. Athens was the first city of the world; the Acropolis was its first hill; the Parthenon was the center of the Acropolis; and Athena, the first statue of this forest of idols, was the center of the Parethon. Like many of the hills around Athens, it is solid rock and was utilized in prehistoric days. The Greeks made it steeper and more unapproachable. It was first a political, then a religious center. In 500 B. C. Athens was less than half the size we now find it. The city clustered about the rocky Acropolis which has for its background the distant mountains, Hymettis, Pentelicus and Lycabettus. The ruins of the Acropolis are built of white Pentelican marble from which, indeed, the whole modern city is constructed. The whole ruins, part of which were built 2500 years ago, have a yellow shade but were once pure white, and still show an eternal quality of high grade material which does honor to the architects and brings great credit to the tradesmen and builders who did their work so well that neither years nor foes, robbers nor rivals, have been able

to destroy what was once the supreme triumph of human genius and artistic skill.

The plan of my story forbids a detailed description of these marvelous ruins, much less a scientific outline of the great pagan temple which crowns this hill. The Parthenon is the principal ruin. It is itself the remains of a matchless edifice, composed entirely of marble. Had it not been for the explosion of a powder magazine in the year A. D. 1670, the outlines of the building would still be intact. The multiplied stones and broken pillars scattered about remind us of the sacrilegious bombardment which defaced but did not destroy this triumph of the ancient ambition and classic skill. In front as we approach it, is the spot where the goddess Athena, constructed by Phidias as his finest work, stood on a pedestal twelve feet square and thirty-nine feet high. It was the greatest statue of history—unless we except his statue of Zeus—and cost three quarters of a million dollars. As we stand with reverent thought and mingled emotions in the presence of this ruin, we seem to face the heathen world with its multitudinous idols. We follow down the centuries and find it again a Christian church for a thousand years, with idolatry swept from its rocky heights. Then for three hundred seventy years, the Moslem religion controlled it; and later the avarice of Roman armies and European explorers reduced its treasures for the sake of other museums and other cities. Now only the remnant of this greatness stands to perpetuate the glory of the ancient time and entertain the tourist and student of today. The temple of the "Wingless Victory," the Erechtheum, the temple of Athena and the great Amphitheatre on the east side and beneath the walls, all remain substantially as

in the early days to advertise the art and idolatry of that age. But the one great lesson that comes to the Christian tourist is the fact that all the mythology and idolatry, and much of the philosophy and ceremony of both pagan and Moslem epochs have been swept away and seem to have taken their flight forever. In its stead is the sacredness of the past, the quiet Christian atmosphere of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, whose Name is above all names. He, Himself, is the "Ancient of Days" at whose feet every knee shall bow and every tongue confess.

Let us take an afternoon drive. We will visit the old Metropolitan church where we will hear the chime of bells and see the stone from Cana of Galilee. We will visit the monument of the Winds, whose octagonal tower, varied relief statues and ancient water clock beneath the conduit perplex and entertain the mechanics of our party and start questions that nobody can answer. We will have time to enter the Theseion, also a Roman relic later used as a Christian church. The old Forum and storage rooms of the market place, and the remnant of the mighty gates that protected the city, gaze upon us as if they would like to talk of the glory of the ancient days. The graveyard lies along the way to the west gate. A fig tree grows out of the wall and seems to clamor to speak of what it has learned of the multitudes who used to press along this highway of Grecian life. We can only take a glance at the old Stadium, at the Byron monument, the ruins of Jupiter and the Hadrian arch. We must not sleep until we have entered and explored the prison of Socrates, and taken a snap-shot of friends looking out of the bars from the very spot where, tradition tells us, Socrates stood when he drank the fatal hemlock.

April 7th of the Gregorian calendar is March 25th of the Julian record which prevails in Greece, Russia and Austria. This is the ninety-third anniversary of Greece's independence. Athens is the center of the celebration for the whole country and is dressed in her holiday attire as at no other time in the year. The sunshine and climate are ideal for a great day. We are awakened at 6 A. M. by a drum corps and thirty officers and later by the salute of guns in honor of the day. It is the Grecian "Fourth of July." In 1821 Greece won her victory over the Venetians and has since rejoiced in her independence.

We Americans, of course, expect fire-works and noise. On the contrary, barring the parade of soldiers and royalty, it is a quiet Sabbath-like day; indeed it is a religious day. Everything centers in the display of soldiers along the streets in their gala uniforms and in the procession of the king and his officials to and from the Metropolitan Church. As I watch the parade from a lower balcony of our hotel, which faces upon the public square, I am impressed with the dignity of the procession. No excitement or confusion prevails. There is no rush or disorder: there is no drunkenness or rowdyism. The soldiers of the army and navy with the boy scouts in great numbers, make a fringe for the crowd from the palace to the church. People, in American and European dress largely, fill the streets and the park or square adjacent to the windows. As the king passes and other members of the royal council, there is quiet cheering, then patient waiting until worship is over and the royal procession returns to the palace whence they came. King Constantine, who acceded to the throne March 18, 1913, is a

handsome and devout ruler, beloved of his people and nation, peaceable in his relations to other countries, and religious and honorable in his private life. "When the righteous rule the people rejoice." It is a delight to find a contented people whose patriotism has its chief form of celebration in a pilgrimage to the altars of worship.

The record of the day, which, to us Americans, seems like a Puritanic Sabbath rather than a holiday, is incomplete without reference to our ascent of Mount Lycabettus where St. George's Chapel is built on a high rocky peak on the east side and near central modern Athens. It is nine hundred feet high to the doors of the little chapel, which we reach over winding path and varied stairs of stone steps. At last the crown of the peak is reached by only the stronger members of our party. We are surprised to see the chapel crowded, for it is a hard and long half-hour's climb; but those who want to go *can* go to public worship. On this day, religious service is prominent and apparently the chief employment of the citizens of Athens. We are reminded of Paul's compliment to the city in pagan days when he perceived that they were "very religious." The eikon of "St. George Killing the Dragon," the perfume of the incense, the miserable chanting of the humble choir attracted us for a season, though gorgeously dressed priests robed in silvered white, golden, scarlet and blue hues, made a striking contrast with the discordant voices. They are sincere and command our respect, however our religious instincts may be shocked by the form of their devotions.

This is a lofty and charming place for worship. In

every direction the view is magnificent. The whole city with the distant Acropolis and the intervening panoramic view reaches from the mountains on the north to Salamis and Piraeus on the south. The fields containing vineyards and the barracks of the drilling soldiers reach far out on the plains towards the foothills. The white marble glare mingles with the waving flags and banners and the whole picture is crowned with dazzling sunshine. It is a most inspiring sight which we would fain copy if we had an artist's pencil and a month to paint the scene. But we must descend for other studies and sights later in the day.

We will pass through the public garden, view the exposition building with its imposing architecture of modern type, and wend our way to the site of the old Olympic Stadium. This is a new and a restored building, built and seated with marble from a nearby quarry, to accommodate 50,000 people. It is remarkable in its construction and acoustics. It is the center of thought for the sporting world in these latter days as it was two thousand years ago. The temple of Jupiter with its remaining seventeen columns is not far away. One great column is prostrate, furnishing a good occasion for a snap shot, and seems to speak concerning the end of all greatness, while it affords a splendid opportunity for the study of the architecture of the once magnificent temple reared here in the heart of old and ancient Athens.

We will continue our stroll to the Theatre of Bacchus and study the plan of this public place of amusement. We will sit in the stone chair and upon the very seats occupied by the thousands of pleasure loving people of the centuries agone. It is only a passing pleasure that,

in this place where life was once sacrificed, Bacchanalian revelry complete and ancient Roman drama displayed, our party should insist upon the recitation of poems and the singing of songs. We recall the days when this theatre of Hadrian was in its glory, and he sat in this seat with no rival and no prospect of future decline or dethronement. It has been a day of intense interest. The life of the populace has been seen at its best. There is a striking unity of dress, which for a city crowd, reveals remarkable modesty, decency and good taste among both men and women. The combination of umbrellas, parasols, straw hats, overcoats, furs and various colored garbs remind us of the California climate of our native land. The hot and dazzling mid-day and cold nights bring into requisition every variety of dress as well as tastes of the Athenian crowd.

Another day finds us driving about the city. We will make a morning call at the beautiful Byzantine Metropolitan church. The shops and narrow streets reveal an industrious, business-like people. Humble homes appear on every hand. Donkeys, men, women, carts, all laden and all quietly employed, inspire us with an admiration of the contented and harmonious Grecian life. There are few shade trees. The homes are walled up and shut in. Now and then a hanging flower garden is seen, or a blooming shrub protrudes from the wall. Our bad memory or our ignorance, or both, make us poor interpreters of the Greek signs that prevail everywhere; but we can understand the palm groves in the public square and appreciate the works of nature and admire the humble flocks of sheep in the suburbs as we leave Kolonas where we study two conspicuous and lovely white tombstones.

Just a mile farther is the academy where Plato taught. The ground around and beside the miserable hut chapel, a deep well, fine gardens with flowers and vegetables, form a pleasing resort for American tourists as it did for the great teachers of Plato's day. Returning by another route through the city, we see groups of women and children drawing water at street corners, men building and working in wood, iron, leather and all forms of trade life.

We next visit the cemetery noted as the resting place of the great Dr. Schliemann and thousands of others. Peaceful tombs with burning lamps, the sign of the cross at nearly every grave, impress the visitor with the fact that this is the resting place of people who have inherited a religious spirit, the love or art and unconquerable patriotism.

We must find time for a brief visit to the National Museum. Here is the Athena statue, an imitation of the original great work of Phidias that was erected on the heights of the Acropolis. This is a small one but very striking. There is also a bust of the Christ, the finest seen and never designated, though certainly of Roman origin. The treasures of the Schliemann discoveries are here. How they speak of the explorations, hopes and friendships that have crumbled into oblivion and obscurity, never to be fully restored until the Books are opened in the great day when every man shall be rewarded according to his works! The signet ring relics, the household and commercial emblems of art and skill speak of varied civilizations passed away because their votaries could not or wonld not accept the light of God. There is a pagan coarseness in these relics of past civilization, art

and religion that makes a dark background for the pure and undefiled teachings of Jesus Christ which surpass the earlier mythological religions and philosophy as day surpasses night.

This day of wonder studies and of scenic delights is crowned by a cablegram from Mattoon, Illinois, reading "Dry. All well." The interpretation is refreshing: by the vote of men and women, twenty-three saloons are exterminated in our home city and hundreds of others are closed throughout the state. Prayer is answered and hearts are thrilled. I took a Greek and an American flag, attached them to the cablegram and passed it around my table where sit representative tourists from five states. All joined in congratulations over this victory for prohibition in our native country. It was a hallelujah crowning to a day of gladness and pleasure seldom enjoyed in the history of our happy party.

Another day in Athens permits us to spend some time at the Bema, or Demosthenes' rock, the scenes of early oratory and debate when orators were in their glory and patriotic themes and philosophical discussions were at their height. We will mimic the early Grecian days by some more performances, songs, etc., breathe the free air and take in the fine view which this hilltop gives us of various points in the city. Leaving it, we will visit the Academy of Science with its mythological paintings on its ceilings and walls and its library of 250,000 volumes. The University building nearby has a charming chapel and 2500 students. We mark the Schliemann home, a monument in Grecian architecture and an honor to the great German explorer. We note the gifts of eminent scholars to the city and their monuments. It seems to be

a custom to thus remember the men who poured out their wealth or who sacrificed their lives and learning on behalf of the people.

Dionysius was one of Paul's converts at Mars Hill. On Holy Thursday, we will enter the church that bears his name. It is a Latin church, a genuine Roman Catholic temple; but, contrary to the custom in such churches, there are no images. The Grecian Church has its influence on imported Christianity, for the Greek Catholic Church forbids images in their cathedrals. Their adornments are in pictures, paintings and architecture. The Parliament building comes in for a respectful share of thought and we are permitted to sit in the gorgeous desks and examine the king's gallery with its rich curtains. The sessions of the Athens Parliament are held at night and we forego the pleasure of hearing their debates, satisfied with the study of their customs, their art and their people.

We have yet time for a trip to Piræus and Falleron by the sea. Piræus is the famous harbor where the ships of all nations for three hundred years have floated. Its blue waters are still covered with crafts of every size and from every nation. The pennants float from the masts, stretched by strong sea winds and made brilliant by the shining of an unclouded sun. The fish market here is one of the most famous in the world. In my journal, in memory of sights and odors that made a deep impression and gave our party intense entertainment, I wrote in connection therewith, the word "horrible." Therefore we will leave the strange conglomeration of marketable stuff and marketing cries and, crowding past the money changers, offices on the sidewalks and the little church in the city—for religion seems second to commerce here—we will take

the tramway for a ride about the bay and peaceful return to our hotel. We must prepare to leave on the morrow; but before we go, a few of our party will make another visit to the Odeon Theatre with its great arches and trail of departed pleasures, to the Acropolis, and to the park. We will muse for an hour amid the ruins of the world that passeth away though founded in solid granite and imperishable marble. We will have another farewell and fading view of the Acropolis and the spires of modern Athens as we take carriage for a drive to Salamis along the macadamized road for five miles to the sea. This road, straight as a rule, forty-five feet wide, enclosed with great walls, adorned with pepper trees and curbed in modern style, looks as if it would last for centuries. Since 455 B. C. it has been called the "long wall." This has always been the way of approach from the sea and of all the world to this "hub of learning, of art and of religion."

We leave our carriages for the row boats that take passengers and baggage a mile across the bay until, winding in and out among all sorts of sea craft, we ascend the ship stairway and find ourselves comfortably lodged under the Union Jack of England on the S. S. Osnamieh. It is an Egyptian vessel under English control. We are full of pleasant memories of Athens the Great. We turn our thoughts four hundred miles southward. In a few hours we shall pass Crete. We have exchanged our Greek coin for Egyptian money and, after two days and nights, we land in Alexandria, the first port of Africa and the pride of Egypt.

V.

EGYPT'S PYRAMIDS AND SHOPS

OUR quiet voyage to Alexandria is a most restful one. Our steamer is a small vessel, but its apartments furnish us a fine opportunity for social life and private reading. Good Friday marks a day of devotion and Scripture study. Our party unites in a common tribute to our Divine Master, the Captain of our Salvation, who gave Himself in holy suffering that we might enjoy these lofty pleasures. Thunder and lightning with heavy rain do not disturb our rest. My journal of Saturday tells the following ship story: "Refreshed with slumber, we breakfast at 7:30, lunch at 12, have tea at 4, dinner at 6:30. We again turn our watches forward thirty minutes to keep up with ship time going toward Egypt. The water is blue, the sky is bright, the passengers are few and quiet. Sea choppy and we find it not easy to promenade; but the voyage is full of relaxation and exhuberation. This steamer is one of the Khedevial mail liners from Constantinople to Alexander. Above my desk hangs the calendar of the ship. Three dates appear: the Christian, April 11; the Greek, March 29; the Turkish, March 15, 1332, reckoning from the hegira of Mohammed 582 A. M. The record is in four languages including Hebrew. Studied the ship's log today and marked its record. Thought on the record of our progress in

Heaven's log book which holds a like statement concerning our spiritual progress."

Easter Sunday is a beautiful balmy day on which we enter the harbor of Alexandria. We drop anchor and wait until the legal five days have expired for all Constantinople vessels to remain at sea. A minister of our party expounds the word and we hold a religious service in the deck parlor. Why should not Christian travelers keep up their public worship as well as private devotions? The quarantine doctor is very careful and we must pass private examinations and receive certificates of health before we can land in this port. This is to fence against contagious disease which is often transported from one city to another in the Orient; it is a good law with farcical enforcement. After six hours in this beautiful well walled bay, we are beside the moving wharf. We hear red fezzed porters and agents calling the names of their hotels from behind the wicket fence erected to keep them back. Our baggage of suit cases is carefully loaded with military precision and we are piloted to our carriages, thence to the Custom House and on to the train which takes us to Cairo.

Alexandria has a population of 350,000. It is the second city in all Africa. It has the attraction of a modern and Mohammedan city where Egyptian customs and civilization prevail. It is a most ancient port. Pompey's pillar, an imposing column of red granite, one hundred four feet in height, is the most attractive ancient land mark on the seacoast in northern Africa. According to early popular belief, it was reared in the memory of Caesar's rival, Pompey the Great, who, fleeing hither after the battle of Pharsalia, was murdered; but the inscription

indicates that it was placed here in honor of the Roman emperor, Diocletian, three hundred years after Christ. It stands upon an eminence of rubbish and near an Arabian cemetery. It was near this that the great library of Alexandria with its precious wealth of learning was consumed by fire. The two lofty lighthouses on the shore, the khedive's palace and harem, add interest to the tourist who thinks of this city in connection with Archimedes, Euclid, Anthony and Cleopatra and the murder of the beautiful Hypatia. But we must hasten on up the Nile to "Cairo the Magnificent." The train is crowded. The bell rings and we are off at a forty-mile per hour speed for the one hundred forty mile run along the fascinating valley of the Nile. Eighteen and forty miles an hour by rail illustrate the difference between the management of the Greek and British governments.

What a new world Egypt seems to be! We are in the country of the Pharaohs, of Abram, Moses, Joseph, and are about to explore the land which sustained God's favored people for four hundred years. We can conceal our protests at the presence of travelers who insist on smoking fifteen cigarettes an hour in the presence of our American ladies if we can put our heads up to the windows and enjoy the vision of the fruitful valley and the fragrance of the flowers that cover the walls and houses. The farm scenes of plowing cows, burden laden donkeys, busy Egyptian peasants and housekeepers, furnish varied entertainment for us all. I wrote "housekeepers" when "hut-keepers" would be more appropriate. There are no fences or walls except those that enclose the homes of the people. The irrigation trenches, eight to one hundred feet apart, are in evidence everywhere. Water

Cart and Arab Women in Cairo Street.

Cairo Women.

may be had in less than twenty-five feet throughout the valley; and water wheels, turned by blind-folded cows, appear on every farm. There often appears also the primitive one-man bucket lever. Women and children till the fields. Buffaloes, used both for milk and cultivation of the ground, are seen at work or at rest in groups.

It is Easter Sunday but there is no sign of rest from labor. There seems to be no Christ to lift the burden of toil in this country. The villas of mud huts with thatched roofs line the railroad. The Mohammedan cemeteries with their mud mounds three feet high, with head and foot marks of wooden posts, tell of the custom that we shall meet all through the Moslem lands. On these well-watered plains, as level as our native prairies, are frequent palm groves. We see women cutting grain and grass in the fields and trudging along the highway to market with impossible burdens on their heads. Here is a camel who seems to carry a wagon-load of green alfalfa or Nile clover. The rider sits high upon the burden, to which his contented brute servant turns his long neck and feeds from the load he carries. Happy for the pilgrim who is able, out of his cares, to live well and make his own load lighter while he himself grows stronger beneath his very task. We sing hyms in our compartment and watch the panorama of peasant life till the shadows of evening come on. But look! All talk is dropped while our eyes are fixed upon the matchless sunset behind the palm groves. Our train rushes on. The sun is a great wheel of fire turning among the palm tops as we hurry towards Cairo.

Arriving in this great steel railroad station of a city

of 600,000 people, we seem to be making a landing in Pittsburgh instead of Egypt. Modern enterprise and civilization seem to have taken possession of this city of the pyramids, which is none the less wonderful after 5647 years of recorded history. A well tested dragoman greets our conductor and takes our party in hand. We pause to wonder at the baggage which these Egyptian porters are willing to carry: they pile load after load upon their shoulders, strapping them around their foreheads until they shame the very donkeys by the elephantine weight which they tackle for the sake of coin.

We are soon landed in our hotel where we will rest amid the noise and tumult of this great center of commerce, Moslem life and ancient scenery. We must get a good rest to prepare for the sights of the morrow. It has been a necessity that we should travel by rail on Sunday. This day has little recognition in this land save in the reverent thought of Christian pilgrims and in the Christian schools and homes that have been planted here in spite of pagan darkness.

The hotel comforts of this "Eden Palace" promise a splendid night's rest; but the boisterous voices of the night rabble in the park nearby, continuing till 2 A. M., make us wish for a resting place in some retired glade or quiet desert spot. Nevertheless we rise early and at 8:30 are ready for sight-seeing.

We first take the tramway for Gizeh and the pyramids. The morning sun is brilliant, the air is bracing. We soon cross the famous Nile on a modern steel bridge. The river is filled with boats and all sorts of Egyptian water craft. All through the suburbs we enjoy the luxuriant gardens. Homes of great wealth and of extreme

poverty are side by side. We pass the Arab soldier guards, uniformed in white engaged in their morning drill. The soldiers of the British army are much in evidence. An hour's ride brings us to the shaded resort of camels and donkey boys waiting for just such tourist companies as ours. The pyramids are within easy reach. Climbing upon the dromedaries that are made to kneel respectfully for our accommodation, we begin our first camel ride up the sandy road to the very presence of Old Cheops, the leading pyramid of Gizeh. What a wonder of the world! Other wonders have multiplied but they have never outlived this one. Standing upon the edge of the wierd and sun-bathed desert of sand, it rears its conical head four hundred fifty-one feet above the ground. Its base covers eleven acres, originally thirteen. Its surface was once smooth, but now no mortar covers or joins the stone. The great blocks make difficult stepping stones which with assistance may be climbed to the very summit. An agile Arab runs ahead of us, ascends to the very top in five minutes and a half and returns to the ground in three. He then appeals to each of the company for his share of "baksheesh" and further seeks to guide the tourist up the sides of the pyramid, a feat requiring an hour or more, which he made in less than ten minutes.

Somewhere around 3733 B. C. this great monument was built by 100,000 slaves. Thirty years they labored to draw the great stones from the quarries nine miles away. An ambitious king refused them anything to eat but onions and bread while they built this monument for his glory, and underneath it, prepared a sarcophagus for his body. But his empty sepulcher tells the story of their

hatred; for they removed his body and buried it in the sands of the desert and his name and grave are unknown. This is but a sample of the price of sin and slavery. It is a sad tribute to the vain and wicked ambition of men who dishonor the God who made them, by crushing their fellow men. Surely "the memory of the wicked shall rot" while "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

The Sphinx not far away and companion pyramids command our attention. This old rocky face, sixty-one feet high, again and again buried in the sand and oft-times exhumed again by explorers, is the greatest stone idol in the world. The hole in the head, ten or twelve feet across, was the hiding place of the ancient heathen priest who talked and made people believe that the stone was a god. The Sphinx was built a hundred years before the pyramids, says the Arab guide: nobody knows when. There are nine great pyramids, six of them much smaller than the other three. Their builders came to naught and, like the tower of Babel, they rebuke the folly of men; while the God-made Nile, the life-giving boon of all Egypt, keeps washing the shores where Pharaoh's feet once trod. We close the day with the study of the beautiful hibiscus hedges looking like tall fences of red poppies. We delight in the fragrance of the marvelous rose gardens. We admire the banyan trees and the palms. We feast our eyes on ripe barley fields and the white plains. where glide the "ships of the desert," the droves of camels that crowd the highways towards the Cairo market.

On another afternoon our carriages take us to the Mohammedan University. Here are 15,000 students in a school that is called the largest in the world. With san-

dals provided to cover our unhallowed shoes, we walk through the court and temple, hear the Muezzin call to prayer, and learn much about the Mohammedan and his religion. The students' methods of study, their buzzing rather than busy habits, their lounging, their sleeping, their confusion of noisy tongues, do not contribute to an exalted opinion of the superiority of the Moslem college.

A walk back through shops and narrow streets of Cairo becomes a revelation. Merchants are grouped, those of the same class being associated in adjacent stalls or marts. Here is the perfumers' market; there the jewelers' stands, the metal workers and so on: all of them lazily waiting, as it seems to us, for custom. We secure our bottle of attar of roses, purchase various trinkets, pass a funeral in the street and hear the wierd music accompanying the same. But neither the afternoon journey through the crowded marts nor the wierd sights that meet us as we prowl about the streets after dark, give us half the pleasure that we obtain as we close the day with a visit to the depository of the Bible Society where the precious Holy Scriptures are scattered in this great Egyptian center as the leaves of life for the healing of nations. Nine different tongues are represented in the languages in which the Bible is here circulated. Thus is introduced the Gospel of life which must at last conquer this land of slavery and superstition. The work is being well done, for modern civilization is being advertised in the very show windows. European clothing, met everywhere, is in constant contrast with the pagan garb that seems to us to be the fruit of the superstition and idolatry which belong to the age of ignorance and sin. All fashions commingle on the streets. Women dressed in silks and rags, men in the

garb of the scholar and of the peasant; the beggar, the dude, the street woman and royalty, all mingle by day and by night. The park and play house, the hotel and the den of vice, the school and the market, the museum and the hospital: these tell of the pleasures, the sins, the ambitions, the fears, the burdens and the schemes of this land of the Pharaohs and of Moses.

VI.

IN AND ABOUT CAIRO

A TRIP through Cairo would be imperfect without a few hours in the National Museum. It is a fine building near the British barracks. There is no greater collection of heiroglyphics and mummies. It is the treasure house of history. Recent explorations have added greatly to its riches. One hundred pages would not describe the wealth of this store-house and one who has no relish for relics or taste for ancient history will find the long journey through its many rooms and corridors rather tedious. A few glances only may be taken, which were to the writer, suggestive of a thousand thoughts.

In the entrance hall are old funeral barks used in the earliest dynasties to row the dead across the river Nile. Here is the unique remains of one, thirty feet long and twelve feet wide, which suggests thoughts concerning death and the future life. A rudely carved wooden statue found at Sakkarah, representing the head man of the village, belonging to the second dynasty, is a fair sample of art carving prominent in Egypt 5000 years ago. The ancient Egyptian learning of 2000 B. C. is strangely exhibited by the statue of a scribe ready to make a letter on a scroll and send it on an important errand. Our ladies of the party are drawn to tarry in the room which shows fine domestic customs of bread baking, kneading,

washing on an old primitive washboard, the making of pottery, etc. The yellowish-brown statue of a man and the white stone carving, that have stood the test of thousands of years, are a monument to a prince and his mother. But most striking of all is the goddess Hathor in the form of a great cow. This remarkable exhibit is found farther up the Nile at Thebes: the representation of a king filling himself with milk from a cow's udder; the signs of life are carved about the head, while the serpent guards from evil. A style also exhumed from Thebes has on it the probable inscription of Manepta, in proof of the ancient Bible story, for it reads. "Israel is wasted and his seed brought to naught."

What mummy riches are here! Rameses II., the father of Pharaoh in Moses' day, actually lies before us. He was a man of war and also one of the greatest Egyptian builders. He fought the Hittites. The remains of Manepta, his thirteenth son, appear well preserved in the mummy five feet four inches long. If we had time, we could tarry long before the jewels of kings and queens. Gold collars, necklaces, wristlets, all for ornament in the earliest days, are the counterpart of those seen in modern Egyptian life in the very streets of Cairo. The chairs, beds, chariots, are here preserved as faithfully as the mummies preserve the forms of men, rams and other animals. What matchless embalming of the dead! Further astonishment overwhelms us as we study their sarcophagi. It is a record of a great nation with much wisdom, but religious blindness concerning the personal God of Israel.

Take time for an afternoon drive with us to Heliopolis. It is a cold and disagreeable trip in the rain, but we

will stop by the way to see an Egyptian primitive water wheel. These are turned by a blinded ox or cow, and for six dollars a month, are made to irrigate from surface wells, large adjacent tracts of ground. It is the most inexpensive machinery for irrigation and has not been changed in form in thousands of years. We will pass the home of the Khedive, the wealthy king of Egypt, whose plantation is beautifully fruited, stocked and cultivated; and whose palace is walled high against all intruders. Farther on, a few miles, we come to the most famous sycamore tree—unless, perchance it were the sycamore upon which Zaccheus climbed—to be found in the world. It marks the spot where Joseph and Mary rested with Jesus after their flight to Egypt. It is near a spring. The sacred spot, walled and well kept, is a beautiful place to meditate and dwell upon the traditions and history of Bible times. At last we come to On, where rises to the height of sixty-five feet, the obelisk of Heliopolis. Near this spot, Joseph found his wife. For 4000 years this shaft of stone has stood the storm, and its emblems which have been bathed in the sunshine of centuries, still speak a language we fain would read. What sights it has witnessed! What faces have gazed upon its sacred inscriptions!

If one would remember the trip to Egypt, let him spend a day such as I am about to describe. We will take a car at 7 A. M. for Gizeh. By previous arrangement, the donkeys and camels, an equal number of each, with dragomen and donkey boys to match, are waiting us not far from the foot of old Cheops. Climb on the donkeys assigned you and lead the procession of eleven men and twelve women for a ten-mile ride to Sakkarah across the

sandy desert skirting the Nile valley. It is April 15th. Fortunately the day is a cool and somewhat cloudy one; for one unused to Egyptian sun risks much in a first long trip across the hot sand at this time of year in this climate. It is near the end of the tourist season, but all are eager to take this journey and every one is at his best in the start; at the finish, he may be the worst, for this is the hardest day of our three months' tour. My donkey boy twists the donkey's tail, prods it hard, complimenting its rider and runs ahead of the rest of the party, bragging first on the donkey, and then on the "nice man" that rides it, only that he may later plead for the present of a gold watch and other smaller favors either at the end of his journey today, or when "the very nice gentlemen" shall have returned to his home in "Meriky." My saddle strap breaks and the second boy runs to help fix it while we tarry in the sand; then there are two attendants, each pleading for "baksheesh," or a present, or something to buy dinner for himself, or certainly for the donkey. By and by our "sure enough" donkey overtakes the procession and again rushes to the front and, at last, after more than two hours, we come to the oldest pyramid of the nine that are grouped in this section of Egypt.

We will first reach and visit the tombs of Ty and wife, remarkable for stone carving on the walls. The now empty sarcophagus was robbed by the Romans who discovered the bodies hidden away in this sepulchral home of the solid rock. Farther across the desert, near another pyramid, have been excavated the tombs of the sacred bulls, two hundred forty in number. These empty sarcophagi of the Egyptian Apis are most remarkable and the only animal burial vaults yet discovered. Some of

these are great troughs of stone thirteen feet long, three feet high and from twelve to eighteen inches thick. How these peculiar marble tombs were brought a distance of six hundred miles from the Assuan quarry and buried so deep beneath the sand and rock is the marvel that outwits the inventive thought of today. The tomb of Marmont is another discovery and a strange find of this locality. We shall require candles and a descent of ninety feet down a modern winding stairway where we shall visit underground rooms hewn out of the solid rock with closed apertures where it was thought absolutely impossible to discover the body and that of the prince's wife. Both tombs are now empty. Alas for human pride and human plans! The oldest pyramid, the "Step," is more dilapidated than "Father Cheops" near Gizeh ten miles away. Some of these pyramids are crumbling; but all tell of the ambitions of a most ancient people and all were doubtless viewed again and again by Abraham, Moses, Aaron and Pharaoh.

Returning a mile or two to the Merrit shelter, we lunch and prepare to retrace the sand path of the morning. We came a-back donkey. We will hope to improve our condition by trading for one of the camels. At the end of our day's trip, each member of the party will wish he had tried another method of travel. Partly with racing and resting, viewing the distant Nile, sheltering ourselves from the sun betimes, and again from a remarkable rain storm, and viewing the tombs of modern Mohammedan graves scattered along the way, we will come at last to the home of our chief dragoman who has invited the party to refreshments. We dismount from our camel or donkey, enter the home of this well-to-do

business man of the village, who with his brothers, serves us with refreshments. Our spectators are the camels and donkeys that, braying and snuffing and looking in at the low window of the walled room, called a Moslem dining hall, seem to clamor for provender or to share in our entertainment. Our host's wife and children are in another building and are not presentable, especially to the men of our party. British soldiers and policemen, children and more donkey boys rally to the round-up of the party under the palm trees of Gizeh where we dismount and, pushing aside our crowd of beggars, seek to rest our weary bodies in the tramway that will return us to our hotel in Cairo.

Still another day's ride will take us to the citadel overlooking the city and the distant plains. The great Mosque of Sultan Hasan, just below the citadel hill is one of the most imposing of the two hundred sixty-four mosques in Cairo. Its massive gateway, sixty feet high, is a model for many others. Its south minaret is two hundred eighty feet high. Here in the center is a large fountain for ablutions. The Kibla, or sacred niche, indicates the direction of their worship toward Mecca. This resort or altar is found in all mosques and connects up these Moslem places of worship with the mother city. In the center, under the dome, is the sarcophagus, the burial vault of Khedive Ismail. The "Mohammed Ali" mosque has a most striking and attractive dome. The great court is paved with white marble and is bordered with alabaster columns in poor state of preservation. The interior is gorgeous but its decoration is of a tawdry, offensive style, the chains spoiling the effect of the four hundred electric lamps that have been recently introduced

for illumination. About the court citadel are numerous venders of alabaster and other articles, and children performing all sorts of feats for baksheesh, with kindred annoyances and entertainments as thick as flies. Speaking of flies, everybody carries fly-brushes; they never swat the fly. The English soldiers swarm about the fortress which dates back to 1166 when Saladin, according to Arab history, brought stone from the small pyramids at Gizeh to build its walls and towers.

The reverence for the dead khedives, priests and princes is very marked in all Moslem structures. I note this inscription as a sample: "Behold with reverence. This is the tomb of Sidi Azab. His benign presence illumines the darkness." Over a chair in the citadel, among other relics commemorating the memory of a noted long-lived hero, are these words: "Only he who, by the favor of God has lived one hundred years may sit here." None of our party could claim the right, so we passed on.

Mosque after mosque wearies the visitor until he is willing to seek entertainment in the street among the necromancers, sleight-of-hand performers, snake charmers, and other scenes of modern life. With still greater pleasure we follow our dragoman, Mohammed, to old Cairo. Here we cross the sacred and famous life-giving Nile on a primitive ferry-boat pushed by poles. We find ourselves upon the Island of Stone, the reputed palace of the daughter of Pharaoh. Near-by is the place in the river which tradition points out as that from which Moses was drawn out of the bullrushes. The ancient Nileometer, one of two in the whole valley, was once used to measure the rise and fall of the river. In Old Cairo, a little distance from this traditional spot, is the Coptic Church

which we find by pasing through the most filthy streets and alleys. Here is the sacred crypt where the Holy Family is said to have rested in their retreat into Egypt. The baptismal font and other signs of devotion on the part of this sect of the Christian faith form objects of study, while almost pity is awakened for the devotees who are girt about with both ignorance and superstition. Poverty and oppression seem to abound. If Moses had seen these filthy and wretched homes, he would surely have been moved to lead them to a cleaner, if not more prosperous, neighborhood.

Other lands call us and we must take our farewell view of the streets and groves, shops and hotels, misery and wealth of this Egyptian center of civilization, as we enter the railroad station and begin our trip across the desert to the Suez Canal and up to Port Said. We are on our way to Joppa and must stop a few hours to view this port of entry. The Continental Hotel invites us, and the bay, with its shipping, rests us while we take a walk to the De Lesseps monument, which stands far out at the end of a pier and honors the name of a man who opened this canal by his enterprise and who, by his failure, has connected his name with the great Panama of the Western Continent. The steamer Kardak is a new boat with fine accommodations. It is only a night's trip, for tomorrow morning we will be lying outside of Joppa waiting the boats which will land us at the wharf of this entrance city to the Holy Land.

VII.

GOING UP TO JERUSALEM

IT is a bright and cool morning when our steamer Kardak comes in sight of Joppa. The shallow and rocky harbor is dotted with multitudes of boats containing two hundred porters and hucksters bidding for our business. At the signal for advance, the agile Syrian boatmen shout and clamor up the boat's stairway for passengers and luggage. Strange emotions come over us as we get this first good view of the port of entry to the Holy Land. Into this famous harbor in Solomon's time, came timber from the forests of Lebanon on rafts from the Phoenician ports of Tyre and Sidon, to be used in the Temple at Jerusalem (II Chron. 2:16). It was here that Jonah embarked when he ran away from God's call to Nineveh. We have soon threaded our way to the wharf and custom-house where my big suit case is again selected as a target for the officers; but with little delay, we have passed inspection and are on our way up the narrow street to the house of Simon the Tanner. It is still a tanning neighborhood. On the housetop where Peter had his vision which prepeared the way for the spread of the Gospel to the Gentile world, we pause to read the story of Peter, Cornelius, and the sheet let down from heaven as found in the tenth chapter of Acts. We have reached the fountain head of the Gospel stream. Mt. Car-

mel's dim outline is first visible from this housetop. A snap-shot is taken of our party, the bay, with a bird's-eye view of the unique business city of Joppa. We take a prolonged bath of holy sunshine wishing our stay an hour longer; but we must press down the little stairway, out through the hall, past the first crowd of Palestine beggars with their accustomed and well-practiced methods of importuning tourists. Our carriages are ready for a drive to the house of Tabitha or Dorcas. We enter the little modern Greeek church and study the pictures which celebrate the raising of Dorcas from the dead and view the crypt-like recess in the rock which is shown as the very spot where Peter wrought this famous miracle. As in a hundred other instances, the mist of doubt gathers about us as we listen to the descriptions and assurances of the keepers or guards who talk of these sacred places in the Holy Land. But whether this is the spot or not, tradition points it out and we know it was under the same sunshine an in the embrace of the same fragrant atmosphere; and so we are inspired by the historic record and entertained by the surroundings. The beautiful orange groves tempt us as we return to our hotel, and we are content to enjoy a splendid lunch at the "Hardegg" Hotel with the best and sweetest and biggest oranges we have seen in any country.

There are different ways of reaching Jerusalem from this famous place; but the rail route of fifty-three miles through Sharon's plain and Judea's rugged hills is the one laid out before us. The Agricultural School of the "Alliance Israelite," the scattered flocks of goats in various directions upon the hillsides, come in for early at-

tention. Lydda station on this route is about ten minutes from the place where Peter was sent for and notified of Dorcas' sickness; and where Eneas was restored, who was sick of the palsy (Acts 9:32-35). In a short time, the plain of Sharon comes in sight. The typical rose of Sharon is not so conspicuous as are multitudes of smaller flowers that are seen throughout the stony fields covered by grazing flocks. A few miles further on this little narrow-gauge railway brings us to Ramleh, the home of Joseph of Arimathaea and the birthplace of Samuel (I Sam. 1:1). Ramleh was of great importance and renown during the crusading period. It was founded by the Arabs and was surrounded by stone walls with no fewer than twelve gates. The country round about is very fertile, with many olive groves. The view of the tower is interesting. The village of Akir, the ancient Ekron whither the Ark of God was sent from Ashdod, is pleasantly located among the trees and now holds a flourishing Jewish colony.

To the left of the railway is a mound that marks the site of the ancient royal Canaanite city of Gezer, which has a history running back nearly 5000 years. Though assigned to the tribe of Ephraim, they found difficulty in driving out the tenacious Canaanites, who occupied it until the time of Solomon. It was here that Samuel set up his Ebenezer, or Stone of Help. Recent researches of the Palestine Exploration Fund have revealed wonderful information concerning the early inhabitants and successive peoples of this particular locality. The rude pillar stones, the caves, large jars, and the skeleton of an infant that had been sacrificed in the worship of a temple, showing the heathen sacrificial rites

of the earliest days, all make it a place worthy of studious examination. In some Christian tombs have been found such illustrations of the early Christian faith as a signet ring bearing an early portrait of Christ.

But our train hurries us on through deep ravines and near caves where prophets were hid and battles were fought. Samson himself walked and rested about these mountain sides. Out from the rugged terraces of rocks that seem scarcely habitable for goats, and up from the deep ravines about which we wind, there seem to come voices that tell tales of the distant past and turn our thought to Bible story of the ancient Israelite and his conquered foes. Already our Bible begins to freshen as we turn to its pages and read with a new zest because we are facing the land of sacred story. At 6 P. M. our train pulls into the station a mile out of Jerusalem. A carriage awaits us, our driver whips up his half-fed team and rushes around the well-made road till we come in view of Jerusalem, the city that is the center of this great and sacred land. We are driven to the door of the Hotel Fast, just outside the walls and the best hostelry for tourists, where we will abide for the next ten days. The street is full of pilgrims from every part of the world, for it is the Saturday before Easter Sunday which, in the Greek Church, comes this year on April 19th. Thousands of Russians and Armenians have crowded the city for the privilege of getting their candles lighted from the holy fire of the Holy Sepulcher at the famous hour of twelve o'clock on Saturday preceding Easter.

According to the faith of the eastern Catholic Church, there occurs each year in the rotunda of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, one of the strangest sights

of the whole world. At the particular hour named on this day, it is believed a fire descends from heaven upon the tomb of Christ. As a matter of annual exhibit, the fire does proceed out of a circular opening and its glimmer is eagerly sought by thousands who press together about this sacred spot at the appointed time. Many of the people hold their places amid the heat and stench of the great crowd through the whole preceding night. Often lives are lost because pilgrims are trampled to death in the rush. As many as three hundred people have lost their lives in the panic that sometimes seems to make the mob insane. The fire at last descends and the sacred flame comes out through the hole in the side of the chapel. Suddenly the great bell clangs as if for an alarm of fire. Extended candles, torches and tapers tied together are lit and borne by runners to other chapels of the church and to other altars of worship. They rub the sacred soot from these torches, lighted from the holy fire, upon their bodies. They let the fire play around their faces and naked breasts assured, as they say, that it will not burn them. These candles will be saved and used on festal occasions and will give comfort to weary thousands upon their death beds in distant lands.

This, my first Sunday in the Holy Land, is a notable and beautiful day. It is our second Easter this year. We are guided to the place where a repulsive rabble are pushing their way into the Holy Sepulcher. Each Christian sect has rights. The time is divided for the service. The furniture, carpets, rugs, etc., on the floor in front of the altar are changed as ordered by the respective priests of the flocks who have the right of sacred service in the different chapels. The Latin, the Greek, the Armenian,

the Coptic, priests all have privileges here which the Turkish government recognizes and protects them in enjoying. It is about the only sign of liberal treatment that we find among the Moslem officers. Turkish soldiers are in evidence, although in this part of the city, the Christians seem to have the right of way in religious customs which the Jews and Mohammedans despise and slight, but are obliged to recognize and submit to, however offensive to their faith. Because of the crowd about the temples of Christian worship on this day, I prefer to spend an hour in the American Church of the Missionary Alliance outside the city. Dr. Robinson of Chicago, in charge of the School of Archaeology, occupies the pulpit. His excellent sermon on "Be sure your sin will find you out," attended by earnest singing and prayers, adds to the sacredness of the day and rests our souls as well as our bodies on this holy hill.

At twelve o'clock we are returning to meet the procession of priests coming from the Holy Sepulcher. At 3:30, one of our party entertains and delights our company in the hotel dining-room as he expounds, "The common people heard Him gladly." At 4:30 we will spend an hour in the Russian Christian Church. In this vicinity is a hostel for men and women and a great temple where there is a jam of pilgrims waiting upon the leadership of priests and choir. The procession by twenty or more priests and the mitered high priest carrying his crucifix, entertains us and begets feelings of wonder rather than of devotion. Pilgrims are passing candles and giving alms and all seem to welcome the strangers. It is a day of general devotion—ceremonial, ritualistic exclusively—but sincere. Having stood in the

jam for an hour, until we are almost suffocated, we are obliged to push our way out into the fresh air and sunshine of the street. Here we observe, exposed for sale, all symbolic contributions to worship, such as candles, emblems, crucifixes, and crowns of thorns actually woven for the benefit of those who carry them long distances and wear them as an inspiration to faith in time of humiliation and prayer. We have seen the pilgrims kissing the Stone of Unction near the reputed tomb of the Savior, who was crucified but is not here. Truly our faith says, "He is not here. He is risen." If this is the place where the Lord lay, we are glad that His throne of grace and help is to be found as we look upward rather than press onward in to the midst of this strange and foreign crowd.

VII.

THE TEMPLE HILL AND CALVARY

JERUSALEM is the chief Bible city of the world. After seeing Mt. Zion, "the city of our God," the 122d Psalm has a fresh meaning. "Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together, whither the tribes go up." The historic city within the walls covers but two hundred ten acres; its entire length from north to south is but two-thirds of a mile; you can walk from one side of it to the other in ten minutes, and an hour is easy time for a trip entirely around its walls. Outside the walls in the suburbs, it is a modern city, especially to the northeast where there are numerous colonies of Jews and buildings of various Catholic and Protestant missionary societies. The total population of Jerusalem is near 100,000 and the whole of Palestine, west of the Jordan covers about 6000 square miles, or one-fourth less than the size of the state of New Jersey. A bird's-eye view of the city again confirms the Bible record, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem." I have seen the city and viewed the mountains. There is no shadow of doubt as to this being the same city and these same mountains and streets looked upon and traveled by Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world. Again and again, the most ancient phophets,

priests, and apostles compassed these same walls and trod these rocky paths. That the number of tourists to the Holy Land is limited to a few thousand each year as compared with the hundreds of thousands who visit Europe, is due partly to the government; somewhat to the discomforts of travel; and, possibly, to a lack of interest in the study of Bible lore.

Our first day's exploration takes us by David's Gate and along the outside walls through the Armenian quarter of the city. Here we come across a funeral of a poor man in the Armenian cemetery. He is being buried in a shallow and irregular rocky grave wrapped only in a winding sheet. His old widow sits at a distance weeping in genuine grief, while the grave digger and priest come almost to blows over disputed details of interment. We take a look into the deep and capacious cisterns, of which there are many underneath the chapels. They furnish the water supply of the whole city. It is a marvel to strangers that better water privileges have not been provided for a city built upon a rocky hill as is Jerusalem. Its wretched water system is both peril and a wonder; yet the people live on and there is no improvement, but rather decline of comfort and convenience after the lapse of 4000 years. Good water and clean society are revealed as attractions of the New Jerusalem above: they are quite lacking in the old city on earth. Indeed, sunshine and water, particularly at certain seasons of the year, are both quite perilous, especially to tourists. In the summer season the head must be well protected, and the heat is quite excessive; though the temperature between the shadow of a "great rock in a weary land" and that of the direct rays of the sun often varies from thirty to fifty

degrees. Though our journey through Palestine is in the latter part of April, I am carrying a white umbrella, which serves a double purpose of cane and shelter. To one unused to the steep rocky cliffs, the irregular stones of the pavements, the winding streets and the unshaded hillsides, both of these ends need serving.

As we pass down the outside of the walls to Hinnom, and to the Dung Gate, and then down the steep descent at the southeast to the pool of Siloam, we have a fine view of the distant landscape. Equally striking are the miserable natives who are seeking a livelihood by bearing from the springs of the valley burdens of water that would seem to be enough for a donkey. These women plod on with their gardening, working with ancient tools that give no hope of success or profit.

We follow a Turkish soldier, with uniform and sword, as a guide to the Mosque of Omar. Down through the crooked, narrow and dirty streets inside the walls, we pass a heterogeneous crowd, similar perhaps to that which trod these pavements in the first century. We elbow Jews, Moslems and Druses, Armenians, Abyssinians and Mohammedan shieks. Here are the Greek merchants and peddlers, Syrian travelers, Russian pilgrims, white-robed Dominicans, Franciscans, wild looking Arabs from the desert. There are green turbans and red fezzes, missionaries with sun helments, eastern priests with stove-pipe hats. There is a jumble of colored garments, a babel of tongues and rival religion going to and fro all day long. Even the clock at the Jaffa Gate tells a double story, one face of it revealing Turkish time and another, the Grecian time. The Turks and Arabs count their time beginning with sunset; but as time is little

Temple Site and Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem.

Temple Area, Jerusalem—Only Grassy Plot about City.

reckoned with in the Orient, it matters little what time of day it is, so we journey in daylight.

Our guard has gotten permission for us to enter the Mosque of Omar, found in the great and matchless Temple Area of thirty-five acres. Standing on the side next the tower of Antonio, we recall history of three Jewish temples, one pagan, a Christian church and finally, a Moslem Mosque with its "Gate of Paradise." The "Dome of the Rock" is doubtless the site of the Temple of Solomon. This Mosque of Omar, with its gaudy windows and symetrical dome, is perhaps the most interesting historic and sacred spot, outside the Holy Sepulcher, to be found in Jerusalem. It has no graceful minarets rising about it, such as are seen in connection with other mosques. We enter through the east entrance which is known as the "Gate of the Chain." The dome of the Chain is a small model of the Dome of the Rock, to which it is adjacent. This name is based upon a curious legend which is thoroughly believed by the Moslems about the city. They say that David held his law courts upon this spot and special measures were taken against injustice. To insure righteous decisions, a chain was let down from the sky to within three feet of the ground. Every witness called upon for his testimony was required to take hold of this chain with both hands. If his word was false, one link dropped from the chain to prove his word a lie. A law suit was once held here between a Moslem and a Jew. The Moslem had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and before leaving Jerusalem, he gave the Jew a sum of money to keep in trust. On his return he declared the Jew had failed to return the money; hence the suit. In presence of all parties concerned the old

Jew appeared, with gray beard and stooping shoulders, leaning upon a very thick staff. That he might take hold of the chain with both hands, he gave his cane to his Moslem antagonist. Seizing the chain he said, "I solemnly swear that I have repaid the money in question and that this Moslem has it in his possession at the present moment." No link fell from the chain. The Moslem handed back the Jew his heavy cane and, taking hold of the chain, said "I solemnly swear that I have never received the money from this Jew." The chain thereupon disappeared and has never been seen. The crafty Jew had concealed the money in the hollow staff. When the Moslem held it for him, he had paid him back his money. He told the truth; but as it was his intention to deceive, it became a lie. The poor Moslem thought that he was telling the truth while he was swearing unconsciously to falsehood; hence, the chain being of no use in determining the truthfulness of testimony, was carried back to heaven. The little dome has suspended in the center of it, a rusty old chain which gives it the name.

The interior of the Mosque of Omar gives one an impresion of coldness and gloom. There are many beautiful arches, pillars and piers, principally of marble. Some of these are believed to have been taken from Herod's Temple and inserted by the Arab architects. The upper portions of the eight walls are filled with lovely mosaic designs about which are found texts from the Koran, some of which have reference to Jesus the Messiah. The dome is supported by four piers and twelve columns, all arranged in the form of a circle. Beneath the dome, there is an enormous drum which is ornamented

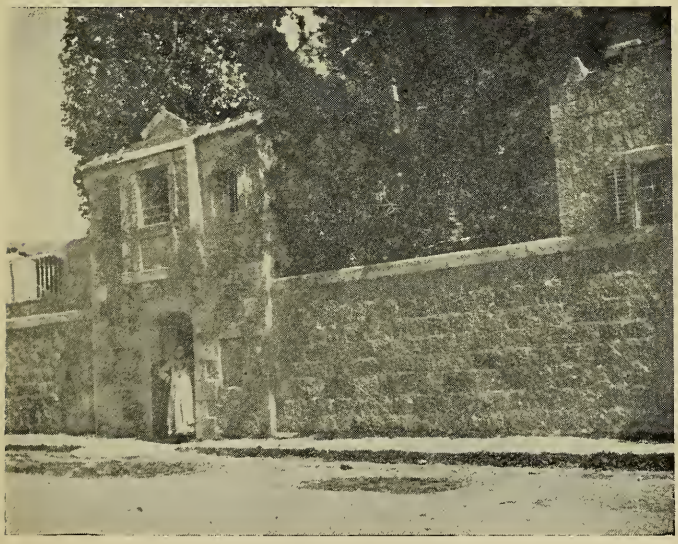
with costly mosaic work. The dome itself is painted with gilt. The colorings of the windows is striking and the porcelain exterior causes a subdued light. A great perforated screen protects what is known as the "Holy Rock." Standing on the stone balustrade, the visitor obtains a good view of the remarkable rock which is said to have been the threshing floor of Araunah, or Ornan, on which David offered his sacrifice (II Sam. 24:16-25). Near the southeast corner of this rock is a large round hole through which we descend to the cave beneath. About the center of the floor, near where Abram, David, Solomon, Elijah, by tradition, are all said to have offered worship, is a large circular slab of stone which, when stamped upon, gives forth a hollow sound. Our guide will not permit its being lifted. It is supposed to have been connected with a sewer which carried away the blood of sacrifices. Many good authorities hold that this holy rock is the place of the Holy of Holies, instead of the altar of burnt offering. An indentation in the stone here is said, by the Moslem people, to have been made by Mohammed's head when he took his flight upward.

We will turn our backs upon the Mosque of Omar and enter the Mosque El Aksa, a magnificent structure, very large but not so richly decorated. This stands to the south of Omar and from it is seen the verdant portion of the temple area, the only grassy plot I found in Jerusalem. Above it shines the beautiful sun and over it grows a great olive tree, inviting the weary pilgrim to rest awhile. But beneath this rocky level, are Solomon's stables in the southeast portion of the Omar enclosure and we must enter through a low and narrow doorway

and dark stone staircase. These are great vaults and passages formed by long series of massive columns that support the paved platform from which we have come. In their present condition, they are probably of medieval origin. A glance shows blocks of stone which formerly entered into other structures. During the siege of Jerusalem, many thousands of Jewish people took refuge in these subterranean vaults. That they were utilized for stables is proved by the mangers and holes bored into pillars for the tethering of animals. But let us keep within the walls and retrace our steps up to the temple area again and climb the wall from which we may view the southern slopes leading down to the Pool of Siloam, the valley of Kedron and across to the Tomb of Absalom. The outlook from the wall eastward to Olivet is most enchanting.

We soon reach the Golden Gate, which is now walled with masonry and to which there is no access from the east. It has been closed since the 8th century, but the interior may be seen through a small window in the outer walls. It is doubtless the "Gate Beautiful." The Mohammedans believe that some day a Christian king will enter Jerusalem through this gate, which will mean the downfall of their power; so they jealously guard it, making it very difficult for anyone to approach it from either side, and hope thereby to prolong their possession of Jerusalem. This incident reveals their expectancy of coming doom, which may be seen in various legends and may be found in the very atmosphere that pervades the Moslem worship. Their religion is one of apprehension, rather than of faith and hope. There is another tradition among the Moslems which says that when the end of the

View of Garden of Gethsemane.



Newman Mission, Jerusalem.

world comes, Jesus will sit upon the wall above the column and Mohammed on the Mount of Olives, and between them a rope may be stretched over which all men must attempt to pass. The wicked will fall and be annihilated in the valley below. Other strange traditions and legends confront us everywhere among people of this faith.

The Pool of Bethsaida, not far away, with the Scripture story in seventy-eight languages about the walls, compells our attention. Twenty-five feet below the street we may, after going down the old stone steps, touch the very water that held its healing power in the days of our Lord. Some of our pilgrims unite their Christian faith with Irish superstition and, after dipping their extremities in the famous pool, retrace their steps in hope of new health and strength.

The Church of St. Anne and the monastry of the Mother of the Virgin Mary, where Mary was born, next attracts us. Monks are waiting here and worshiping. The Greek Catholics who are now in possession, extend a kind welcome. We soon pass over the Via Dolorosa to St. Stephen's Gate. The Roman pavement is shown where, we are told, the soldiers played games during the shocking scenes of Calvary's famous afternoon. The natural rock arch continuing the Ecce Homo arch spans the traditional path over which Jesus carried the cross. While trying for access to one of the monasteries, our conductor, thinking it necessary to use his limited Arabic vocabulary to secure a key or gate-keeper, talked his labored question to a young native in the street. After looking intently into our leader's face, he said in the best and plainest English, "What you want is a key, is it not?" We could never tell in Jerusalem how near we were to

our mother tongue. We soon reach another station of the sad way, where the picture may be seen of Veronica and the stained handkerchief with which she wiped the perspiration from the Savior's face. It is a strange irony of fate that the Jews, who once excluded all Gentiles from the temple area, are now themselves debarred from entering the precincts of the noble sanctuary. The utmost that is allowed them is to pray at the outer walls of the sacred enclosure. Here, every Friday afternoon, which is a preparation for the Sabbath, and indeed at various days during the week, many of the Jews resort to what is known as the "Wailing Place." In all my wanderings about the city, nothing made a more memorable impression than the faithful devotion shown by these wailing Jews, who meet to lament the destruction of their temple, the loss of their inheritance and to pray for the restoration of the Jews to their beloved city. The Lamentations of Jeremiah, various of the Psalms are chanted in Hebrew and form the basis of their petitions and supplications. Old men and women, young people and children, were here with their open Bibles. I heard them chanting their lamentations and watched them kissing the walls with realistic devotion and deep emotion; for I more than once beheld the tears of sorrow which indicated the sincerity of these ceremonial petitions.

The atmosphere of Jerusalem is as ceremonial as in the days of Jesus. Our walk through the city on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, discovers the stores of the Jewish quarter all closed and the curtains, which form a street wall, pulled down. Passing across and through the Mohammedan quarter which adjoins the Jewish quarter, merchants are running full blast. Now that we are in

the Jewish section, let us visit their synagogue. It is a queer place. Confusion and devotion with ceremonial ritual combine to revive the record of early Jewish worship. Here at the door is a modern boy. He assumes to have the authority with right to hold up our party for baksheesh, though our conductor soon finds that he has nothing to do with the building. We push him aside and enter the synagogue. The women are worshiping in their galleries. The men are busy at their altar. Jewish worship in Jerusalem is carried forward on a small and penurious scale. The glory of the past is departed: the Jew has lost out and is surely not yet come to his own. In the same locality and in striking architectural contrast, is the German Lutheran church dedicated by Emperor William of Germany a few years ago.

Leaving the modern features of Jerusalem, we will walk down for a few hours' renewed visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher from which, on previous visits, we were crowded out. This is the modern representative of the ancient churches erected 326 to 335 A. D. by the emperor Constantine. We enter the church from Christian street. Descending by a flight of steps, we land on the south side of an open court. The court is paved with limestone and occupied by venders of olive wood, mother-of-pearl, beads, etc. The facade is a most beautiful place of work. There are two doorways, above each a window; on the lintel, a base relief of French workmanship of the 12th century. Scenes of the "Raising of Lazarus," "Entry into Jerusalem," "The Last Supper," etc., are works of great merit. The eastern doorway is closed with masonry. In front of it is a flight of steps leading to the Chapel of the Agony. Entering the Church

of the Holy Sepulcher, which is free for visitors and pilgrims at this season, we find immediately in the front, the "Stone of Unction." This stone, which is kissed by the multitudes of Christian pilgrims, though scarcely ever so honored by Christian tourists from America and Great Britian, is supposed to commemorate the anointing of the body of Jesus when taken down from the cross. The stone itself has often been changed, the present slab having lain there for one hundred years. Near it are large candelabra, and above it are lamps which belong to the various religious orders. On the left, is a spot surrounded by an iron rail where the women stood when Jesus was laid in the tomb. South of this place, is a flight of steps that leads to the apartments of the Armenians. The Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher is in the center of the rotunda which we now enter. It contains eighteen piers which support the royal arch. The piers are connected by arches, above which is the iron dome with a gallery for spectators and worshipers. The entrance to the Chapel of the Angel is a low doorway; within are fifteen lamps always burning. In the center is a fragment of the stone that closed the mouth of the sepulcher. The tomb, as it now appears to view, is a marble bench, two feet high, six feet four inches long and three feet wide. Above the tomb are marble reliefs belonging to the Greeks, Latins and Armenians. Lamps owned by three communities of Christians and, a few of them, by the Coptic Church, hang from the ceiling. On the days of special worship and celebration, these varied Christian sects, led by their priests, take turns in ceremonial services.

Our guides and guide books reveal the Church of the

Hearing a Lecture in Bethlehem Court.

Ready to Leave Jerusalem by Carriages.

Holy Sepulcher as a bewildering forest of Chapels, aisles, vaults, courts and hallowed spots at various levels; all of which are presented as historic and around which there is so much of the artificial and story of tradition, as to leave a sincere stranger in the maze of doubt, though he is entertained and instructed by the variety of the revelations. Here in the Greek cathedral near the rotunda is shown the "center of the world" which is said to be built above the garden of Joseph of Arimathaea. In the middle is a cup with a flat ball called the earth's center. We enter the "Chapel of the Parting of Christ's Raiment," the "Altar of the Penitent Thief," the "Chapel and Chair of St. Helena" the "Chapel of the Crowning with Thorns," and ascend steps leading to the "Chapel of the Raising of the Cross" and the "Chapel of the Nailing." Near-by are "Adam's Chapel," the "Chapel of the Archangel Michael," the "Chapel of Mary Magdalene," and the "Rock of Calvary." Your guide will show beneath the altar, the hole, now lined with silver, where the cross was fixed. The position of the crosses of the two thieves is also marked on the floor. On the south, a brass slide, when pushed back, discloses the cleft of the rock as stated in Matt. 27:51. A door opens into a passage which leads to the apartments of the Greeks in another direction. Separated from it, is the Latin Chapel marking the spot where Christ was nailed to the cross. Near the "Altar of Adam" and behind it in the apse, is an opening closed by a wire grating through which they show you the rock of Calvary and a cleft of the natural rock. According to a strange early tradition, Adam was buried at Golgotha. We are told that the blood of Christ flowing down through this cleft is supposed to have fal-

len on the skull of the first man, Adam, and raised him to life. This tradition is believed to be the origin of the skull representation beneath the feet of Christ on a crucifix.

The great Cistern of Constantine still remains and retains its original features of great depth and large dimensions. Near-by are the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and Baldwin the First. Relics of these heroes, honored for their sacrifices and triumph, fill a chamber of the Greek church. Not far away is the edifice known as the House of Caiaphas, though there is no just cause to regard it as the genuine site. This is near the Armenian Cemetery referred to elsewhere and it is here we are shown the spot where the cock crew. How they know that this is the spot, they do not explain, only that so the story runs. On emerging from the doorway of the house of Caiaphas, we come to the place ralled Coenaculum, or the upper chamber where the last supper of our Lord with His disciples is said to have been spread. After paying the fee for admission, we are ushered in. From the earliest centuries, the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost is thought to have taken place here. The whole work of the building seems to date from the 14th century, though they point out the very stone on which the disciples sat while the Lord washed their feet. In a room adjoining, covered with a gaudy spread, is a sarcophagus which, they tell us, is an exact imitation of the coffin of David in the sepulchers below. Strange that this building, which originally belonged to the Franciscan monks, has been in the possession of the Moslems for nearly four centuries.

Having visited the traditional site of Calvary within

the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, I must invite the reader to the Gordon Calvary outside the present walls, which thousands of tourists believe is the true Calvary. We will pass out of the Damascus Gate and across the road which runs parallel with the northern wall of the city. A remarkably shaped limestone cliff and mound, some five minutes' walk from the old natural rock wall of the ancient city, is the place which Gen. Gordon discovered and labeled Golgotha. The garden tomb is preserved and controlled by an English society who collect the admission fee through the keeper who resides in the place. Of course, this location, which appeals to many travelers because of the garden tomb, the spring of fresh water beneath, and the circumstance of its being undoubtedly "without the walls" and outside the gate, is rejected by all tradition and faith of the Christian priests and pilgrims of both Greek and Latin Churches. A drink from the under-ground spring referred to, a quiet rest in the shade, a snap-shot of the tomb and a pleasing survey of the surroundings of the Gordon calvary and garden, make a deep impression upon our hearts and compel us to wish, at least, that this might be the spot where our Lord was crucified. If we cannot find the place where the Lord lay, we shall hope to see Him upon His throne.

IX.

BEYOND THE WALLS

SOLOMON'S quarries are underneath the north wall of the city, being entered from an outside street. This cavern is believed to extend as far as the Temple Area, though it is as yet unexplored. It is so named because tradition tells us that the stones used for the building of Solomon's Temple were hewn in these underground caverns and thus made ready, were conveyed to the House of the Lord and placed "so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was building" (Kings 6:7). Candles must be carried, permission obtained from the Turkish keepers, and great care taken as one's way is threaded through the declivities where there are marks of the mason's tools and the niches where they placed their lamps. Some large blocks are nearly detached from the mother rock. There is unfinished work which connects it with the activities so marked in Scripture history.

The "Tombs of the Kings", not far away, are well worth a visit; for here there are excellent specimens of rocky excavations. Twenty-four broad rock steps with water channels cut on either side leading into cisterns at the farther end, lead to a roomy rock-cut court ninety by eighty feet. Further on we are admitted to the real tombs which are entered through a low passage formerly closed by a great rolling stone which is still to be seen

Donkeys at Damascus Gate, Jerusalem.

Street Scene, Jerusalem.

in its groove. There are many receptacles that are supposed to have been the burial places of high rank persons. It is generally agreed that they are the family catacombs of Helena, a Jewish proselyte who settled in Jerusalem after her husband's death about 48 A. D.

Passing homeward through the burning sunshine, we will turn our camera upon a drove of donkeys standing in the market place by the wall, and other street scenes, and finally rest ourselves on the hillside where we may enter and enjoy the Schick exhibit of the models of the Temple in its various reconstructions. Every visitor may well look upon these rare models which have been seldom equalled and are backed by the authority of long time residence and most scholarly study.

Another half-day finds us driving out of the road northeast to Scopus and the picturesque ridge and range of hills which lead us back to Mt. Olivet and the Church of the Ascension. It is a rare afternoon with a clear sky and long vision. Ascending the tower we have a thrilling view, not only of the city from the east looking westward and south, but of the plains of Judea and the distant Judean hills towards the Dead Sea. This is without doubt the place from which our Master ascended and where He bade the disciples an affectionate farewell as a cloud received Him out of their sight. The "Stone of Ascension" is shown us, where we pause to rest. Certainly we are not far from the foot-prints of Him who is to come again in glory and who once departed from this sacred hill.

After tender meditation we reverently walk down over the stony and precipitate road which leads us near the Russian church and into the next most sacred

spot of all the Holy Land, the Garden of Gethsemane. Here again our doubts disappear. We feel assured that we are near the place of Christ's night of agony and prayer. A kind monk who keeps the Garden, gives us a hearty welcome, bidding us pluck flowers and rest in the shadow of the great olive tree, whose gnarled trunk and spreading branches look as if they had seen centuries of life. We are not in a hurry now. Our party is quiet. Our conductor opens his New Testament and reads the four Gospel accounts of the sacred night of prayer with the disciples. One of our number offers a prayer while we all bow in reverence and gratitude. The sunshine touches the fragrant flowers with the kiss of heaven, while our souls are bathed in the atmosphere of devotion. We carry from the place emotions and memories never to be forgotten.

The Russian church up the hillside contains paintings of the rarest kind and is itself a monument of veneration and religious life most creditable to the country who reared it at a nation's expense and who sustains it by permission of the Turkish government.

Near to the garden and a few rods farther to the north is the Virgin's Tomb. The entrance to this place is a stone doorway with a broad flight of marble steps leading down to a chapel and shrine where enthusiastic and credulous tourists are shown the actual sarcophagus of the Virgin, the tomb of Joseph and the tombs of the Virgin's parents, and other relics.

The Valley of Kedron that leads from this spot down to the Pool of Siloam beyond the Valley of Hinnom and the Dung Gate, contains no surface water, except in the rainy season. The Pool of Siloam is fed by water which

flows through an artificial tunnel from the Virgin's Fountain. This Siloam Tunnel is supposed to have been cut by Hezekiah to convey water from the Valley of Jehoshaphat to this pool, in which was discovered in 1880, the famous "Siloam Inscription" now in the museum at Constantinople. It is surely the same valley and this is the same road that was often and again trod and crossed by Apostles in our Savior's day as well as by kings, prophets and priests in all the historic past.

Having compassed the city, we must take a drive down the Bethlehem road. After leaving the Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem, we climb a high steep hill, pass on our right some almshouses, on our left the British Ophthalmic Hospital, and continue our way along this road of the ages towards the "House of Bread." This highway to Bethlehem cuts the Plain of Rephaim, or Valley of the Giants, where David had more than one conflict with the Philistines (II Sam. 5:18-25). Ascending the hill we come to the "Well of the Magi." The well itself, from which we draw water but are forbidden to drink, gives forth a strange echo. Tradition tells the story that the wise men, trudging along this road from Jerusalem, sat down to rest. While stooping to draw water, they saw to their surprise, the reflection of the star which they saw in the east and "the star which they saw in the east went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was."

In a few minutes we reach the site of Rachel's Tomb. The Bible story tells us that "Rachel died and was buried on the way to Ephrath which was Bethlehem" (Gen. 35:19). The main road here branches off to Hebron. We enter the dome-covered building containing the tomb

of Rachel. This burial place has little doubt connected with it. It must be near the spot. Today it is crowded with forty pilgrims who, with tears and prayers as they are seated and standing about the wall surrounding the tomb, pay sincere tribute to their spiritual grandmother while they offer their prayers and read their sacred Scriptures in deep devotion and great commotion. It was a rare fortune to find the tomb open on our arrival; for, like the "Wailing Place" in Jerusalem, it revealed the strong hold that tradition has upon these pilgrim Christians and Jews.

A short distance farther on our way, we have a magnificent view of the terraced fields, vineyards and orchards round the suburbs of Bethlehem. We enter the village and find the Bethlehem Court, probably unchanged for two thousand years, used partly as a village loafing place and partly as a sheep market. The inhabitants, both men and women, are comparatively of an intelligent ancestry. The garb of the women is different from what we find in Jerusalem and other parts of Palestine. Their faces are more beautiful and seem to reflect the Scripture character of Ruth and Naomi. The men and boys in shops and stores seem to be industrious. The manufacture of various souvenirs out of mother-of-pearl, olive wood, etc., makes the village famous and constitutes a noted shopping place for tourists. At the farther end of the village and court-yard, we are confronted by the Church of the Nativity.

Saint Jerome, who died A. D. 420 and spent many years in the village confirms the Scripture story of the Nativity. He spent the greater part of his life among the inhabitants of Bethlehem. There is every reason,

therefore, to suppose that Constantine's Church built upon this spot, celebrates the exact location of the Kahn where Jesus was born. This is the oldest existing church of Christendom where Christian worship has continued unbroken. Crossing the large pavement in front of the church, we note the porch and the interesting old nave which is flanked on either side by a double row of aisles. A portion of this church is set apart for the Greek, another portion for the Armenian, Christians. The windows and other portions of these chapels look shabby because poorly kept, through jealousy of religious factions.

Underneath the central platform is a crypt which is reached by a flight of steps down to the "Grotto of the Manger." This, we are told, is the actual place of Nativity. Underneath are altars decorated with costly hanging lamps. The silver star is fixed in the pavement, round which is the Latin inscription which reads, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." The natural rock of the cavern is clearly visible, though the whole place has been turned into a chapel. Passing through at the farther end of the chapel, is a passage way in the solid rock through which we reach a small chamber with an altar representing the dream of Joseph, ordering his flight into Egypt. Another chamber contains the tomb of Saint Jerome and his female disciples, Paula and Eustachia. At the north end of this chapel of Saint Jerome, is pointed out his study room where he spent most of his life in translating the Bible into Latin version called the Vulgate.

Leaving the hallowed place of Jesus' birth, we walk into the court and out to the open street and climb

the wall at the edge of the village, where we have a beautiful view of the Field of the Shepherds. The place, however, is celebrated by a grotto, the "Cave of the Shepherds." This grotto idea is very common throughout Palestine. The fertility of Bethlehem and vicinity is in great contrast with the stony desert-like hillsides and valleys beyond. In the olive groves and vineyards, stone watch towers appear in many directions, which shelter the guards who protect their fruit and crops by night. In some parts, arbors made of branches and boughs of trees constitute a "lodge in a garden." Whole families sometimes summer in these lodges or towers. The blessing of the Most High seems to rest upon this beautiful Bethlehem, the house of the "Bread which came down from heaven."

If there is sufficient time alloted for your visit to Jerusalem, the greater part of two days should be spent in a trip to Jericho and the Jordan valley. Starting early and driving around the north wall of Jerusalem and eastward past the Garden of Gethsemane, we follow the road so often trod by the Master on His way to Olivet. We soon halt at Bethany. This is the most convenient opportunity to visit the tomb of Lazarus, the house of Mary and Martha, and other points of interest in this famous Jerusalem residence of our Lord. The tomb of Lazarus, now a Moslem shrine, is entered by a deep descent of twenty stone steps. It is a roomy cave in the rock beneath, and doubtless once belonged to a wealthy and prosperous Jew. After a long enough stay, the reading of the eleventh of John revives the story of the miracle concerning Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary. In ascending the steps, we are impressed with the

fact that if this is the depth of the tomb from which he came, that there was an appropriateness in the loud voice with which he was called, and the miracle included a lift as well as life. We find it not hard to believe that this is the real tomb. The traditional home of Mary and Martha is a less likely spot, though the locality is without doubt the real Bethany village of our Lord's day.

Incidentally, we look in here upon a Moslem school of thirty-five children, all studying in noisy concert from printed platters of wood as from plates or slates, and all swaying to and fro as they continue, with glancing eye at the strangers, while the teacher looks up with a smile of welcome. Of course there are no girls here. They are excluded by Mohammedan custom. They call it a school, though with us, it seems only like a damp and dismal cellar, inferior to an American resort of swine or temporary shelter for sheep. Escaping from the dirty and importunate beggars that inhabit the neighborhood, we are glad to wend our way down the steep path to our carriages and hasten on our way along the now well graded road towards the Inn of the Good Samaritan.

At the bottom of the hill, there is a wayside spring which Christians call the "Apostles' Fountain." Here our Lord and His apostles must have frequently stopped on their journey between Jerusalem and Jericho. It is the last natural water supply on the road to the Jordan valley. Meeting and overtaking many pilgrims, some on foot, some on donkeys and others in carriages, we pass the strange red strata of rocks which come to the surface in the hill sides along the way. We will halt at the Good Samaritan Inn on the hill. This half way house between Jerusalem and Jericho, is a typical walled stone shelter-

house for the refreshment of man and beast. It must have been an elegant retreat for the man who fell among thieves in the Good Samaritan's day. The rain is dripping through the roof, but we find it a good resting place, being entertained by the relics and refreshed with the hot coffee.

Our next stop on the way to Jericho is the cliff overlooking the Monastery of Saint George. This Greek Chapel is perched upon the rock above the valley and winding path. The brook, called Cherith, at the bottom of the cliff never runs quite dry and is said to be the one from which Elijah drank when he was fed by the ravens, or as some read it, by the Arabs. Whether these dry mountainous barren hills of Judea are wanting in fertility because the timber was anciently removed and the soil washed into the valleys, or whether it is a blighting curse on this land that rejected Christ as the Messiah, is a fit subject for conversation as we pass down this famous road, though we may not be able to reach a satisfactory conclusion. The occasional flock of goats, the passing donkey, and the aged pilgrim who trudges along the pike, all seem to partake of the poverty of the country. The lonely and hidden road seems a very appropriate resort for thieves and Arabian robbers; but our party are safe and will soon rejoice in the first view of the Dead Sea and the Jordan plain.

After reaching the modern Jericho, we drive a mile up the valley to see Elijah's Spring and the Jericho of Joshua's day. The spring which bears the prophet's name because of his having sweetened it in his day, is utilized in a reservoir near Old Jericho. This water now irrigates the surrounding plain, dotted with gardens and orchards,

and also supplies with water the inhabitants of the modern Jericho just behind us. The remains of the old city whose walls were leveled by divine power after Joshua's march around it, are still to be seen. Recent explorations by a German society has revealed large stones and ancient homes, the construction of which could scarcely be excelled by modern engineering. The commanding position of this site at the head of the plain, guarding the entrance to the pass above in the rocky mountain west of the hill, shows the wisdom of choosing this location for an ancient fort. It was up this pass that Joshua ascended to Ai after the destruction of Jericho. We are in sight of a wild range known in early times as Mount Quarantana, from the tradition which makes it the scene of our Lord's forty days' fast and temptation in the wilderness.

Returning to our hotel for noonday lunch, we prepare for a drive across the plain of Jericho towards the Dead Sea. There are scanty patches of flowers and grass, although the plain is too saturated with salt for the support of any extensive vegetation. The carriage road is a varied track over the plain, across a steep banked wady, meandering for some six miles to the shore of the Dead Sea. We are now at the northern shore, not far from the mouth of the Jordan. This sea is the lowest body of water on the earth's surface, being 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean and 4000 feet below the summit of the Mount of Olives. Our party scatter for a stroll in different directions along the edge of the lake. Some are prepared to take a bath in the salty waves, which, to the inexperienced, is somewhat dangerous on a windy day. The peril is from the saline character of the water rather than from drowning; for one cannot sink in this

salty liquid. The sea is forty-seven miles long and five miles across. It has extraordinary specific gravity, an acrid taste and is incapable of supporting animal or vegetable life. Whether its waves lie smooth as a sheet of glass in the summer's sun or dash upon the sandy and rocky shore as it is lashed by the fury of the winds, there is a lonely charm about its desolation. The surrounding plain is the hottest, at some seasons of the summer, to be found in the world; and one can almost imagine that the city of Sodom, which stood probably at the southwest end of the sea, could have been consumed by spontaneous combustion.

After an hour's rest and study of this strange inland sea, a drive across the plain brings us to a popular resort on the Jordan river, a place not far from the crossing of the childern of Israel. It is now a frequent resort of pilgrims, who bathe in this muddy stream and wash their shrouds which they bring with them, as a preparation for a peaceful death. There are no "stormy banks" of Jordan here today; the waters are calm and the sun gloriously bright. Our little party divides into two boat loads and we have a long ride up the stream and find it delightful recreation. After taking a snap-shot of the water, the boats and the bathing pilgrims, and after refreshing our minds with the history of this locality, we return across the salty and now barren plain to the little tavern in the modern town of Jericho. Bedouin tents, flocks of cattle, goats and sheep are scattered along the way. The natives crowd round our carriages and follow us with importuning cries for baksheesh. As the night comes on, a strong wind accompanied by rain reconciles us to the indoor shelter as heavy clouds and the shadows

gather about us. We have taken a bottle of water from the Jordan river and must watch that it is well boiled and returned safely to the bottle as a souvenir. We carefully deposit it in our grip with the pebbles from the Dead Sea and other slight mementoes which contribute to make this day one of the most memorable in our whole Oriental journey.

Rising early, we leave this wretched and apparently blighted village at 6 A. M. A stiff breeze blows and the rain continues to fall during our long and disagreeable drive up the road past the Samaritan Inn to our home hotel in Jerusalem. Most of our party are soaked and bedraggled, if not chilled, in this remarkable downfall which, however discomforting to tourists, becomes a rare blessing, particularly to Jerusalem inhabitants, who are rejoicing in an inch fall of rain which came just in time to prevent water famine and great distress among the people. Coming up the road from the Samaritan Inn, we pass the reputed tomb of Moses. Nobody can tell us how they found out from the angels where he was buried, but here is his tomb, according to tradition, inside the promised land though he himself was not permitted to enter alive.

Saturday afternoon brings a few hours of leisure and the privilege of shopping about the streets and suburbs of the city. Some of our party are permitted to visit the lepers' home across the hill. This is a perfectly safe place to visit, though the sight taxes the sympathy of the stranger who beholds the suffering and misery of the pitiable inmates. What an inspiration to find in this land of distress, poverty and sin, such a glorious illus-

tration of Christian charity and exhibition of the Christly spirit as found in this institution!

My second Sabbath in Jerusalem brings the high privilege of preaching the Gospel at the Church of the American Missionary Alliance, at 10 A. M. The text, "Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you," heads a simple message delivered to the mission students and many visitors from many lands. The Sunday School and educational work in this mission, as well as that of several other schools in and about the city, furnishes a hopeful outlook for the religious life of the growing population of Jerusalem. It seems to be the opinion of the long resident missionary teachers of the Protestant faith, that the hope of Palestine and particularly of ancient Jerusalem, is to be found first in the teachings and exemplification of a pure Christianity.

There are many who think also that the return of the Jews to Palestine and the possession and control of the country by the Jews, according to prophecy, will solve the problems of both the land and the people.

On the Way Across Plains to Nazareth.

Mt. Tabor from Hill above Nazareth.

X.

OVER HILL AND PLAIN TO NAZARETH

AT 7 o'clock, Monday, April 27th, we are called to our carriages in which is loaded our baggage preparatory to a forty-mile ride across the country to Nablous and thence through Samaria to Tiberias by the Sea of Galilee. We will take our farewell view of the walls of the city and the surrounding hills while we drive slowly over the winding and stony roads leading northward. The rocky fields covered with flowers, the burdened pilgrims on their way to market, the loaded donkeys and camels, crowd our carriages. The ever changing panorama of hillside and valley deepens our impression of this picturesque land.

Our first stop is at El Bireh, which is the ancient Beeroth. This village, abundantly supplied with water, lying on the slope of a beautiful valley head, furnishes a fine view of the Holy City twelve miles south. An old tradition says this is the village where the parents of Jesus first discovered that the child was not among the pilgrims returning homeward from the feast (Luke 2:44-45). From this halting place it is a half-hour's drive to Bethel, leading to the right. Here the forlorn and desolate surroundings recall the lonely night which Jacob

spent with the angels for his attendants and God for his keeper. Bethel occupies the summit of one of the principal roads between the Mediterranean and the Jordan. It marked the natural boundary between Ephraim on the north and Benjamin on the south.

From this point, every mile of our journey brings us into a more attractive and fruitful district. The whole country round about is sacred to the memory of Bible history. Shiloh is not far away. Our carriage road towards Shechem leads us forward until a most beautiful plain with zig-zag roads opens before us down the hillside. We stop at a ruined khan at the foot of a hill and take our lunch under the trees where Christ, by tradition, spent the night before his memorable interview with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well.

Descending into the plain, we pass Hawarah on the hillside, noted for beggars who race to meet us and follow our carriages two or three miles down the road pleading all the way for coin. What a lazy life these country villagers live! How persistent their beggary! How miserable their condition! In a couple of hours we are at Jacob's Well, one of the most holy sites of Palestine. There can be little doubt that this is the place named in the New Testament narrative. We enter the enclosure which now belongs to the Greeks. It is covered by a chapel where an attendant lets down a light over the curb stone where the weary Master sat at the noon hour. We sight the water seventy-five feet below and drink from the same well that quenched the thirst of our Lord and of pilgrims innumerable down the centuries. Like all spring water in Palestine, it is luke warm and tastes flat; only the water from the snow covered mountains seems fit to drink.

A few hundred yards to the north of the well, at the base of Mount Ebal, is the small village of Sychar where the woman of Samaria lived; and near it, in easy view, is the high domed sepulcher, recently renewed, which marks the place of Joseph's tomb.

Returning to our carriages, we turn west into the beautiful valley and soon arrive at Nablous, the famous Shechem between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. Ebal, to the north, is barren and desolate with scarcely a sign of vegetation. The lower slopes of Gerizim on the south, at the foot of which is our hotel, are clothed with foliage, fruit and flowers. Gerizim looks like the "Mount of Blessing" while sterile Ebal is indeed the "Mount of Cursing." The natural outline of the mountainsides shows the possibility, in Joshua's day, of the "Amen" shout being heard from one mountain to the other, for on the sides of both Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim there are natural amphitheatres which act as sounding-boards. One speaking loudly and in clear voice can be heard across the valley (Deut. 27:12-15). Mount Ebal rises 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and 12,000 feet above the valley of Shechem. The view from its summit gives a fine glimpse of Carmel, of the Plain of Esdraelon and the mountains of Galilee. Mount Gerizim is not so high, but has greater historical interest. Along the base of Gerizim there are eighty abundant springs of pure fresh water. On its top is an old Samaritan temple referred to by the woman of Samaria (John 4:20). The greater part of the mass of ruins at the summit belongs to a church and castle erected in the sixth century. Twelve great stones near the foundation of the castle are declared to be the indentical stones taken out of

the bed of Jordan during the crossing of the Israelites in Joshua's day.

The village of Nablous where we spend the night is one of the oldest in Palestine. It is the first city in the Holy Land mentioned in the Bible (Gen. 12:6). The miserable inhabitants, as we enter the village, are forming a funeral procession in the little grave yard. The boys of the city are insolent and beggarly and inclined to throw stones at our party, so that it is not safe to go out alone in the evening. Before night settles, we must visit the synagogue of the Samaritans. Their number has dwindled to one hundred eighty people. After a dismal trip through narrow, filthy streets, beset by lepers and beggars, we come at last to the house of the Samaritan high priest. He is undoubtedly a lineal descendant of the ancient Ephraimites. Here we see the world-famed Samaritan manuscript roll, scrupulously guarded, bearing evidence of being ancient enough, if it be not the original manuscript of the Pentateuch and book of Joshua. After paying our fee and taking our look, we retire full of wonder and meditations. How sad to hunt the footsteps of Jesus and find no Jesus-men in the country! Surely gross darkness has come upon the people. A little while was the light with them. They rejected it and darkness reigns. What a lesson for those who receive conviction and reject Gospel light! Today has furnished a comment on the non-progressive spirit of this land. Men and women are plowing, reaping flax, pulling weeds, in the same manner and with the same implements of 2000 years ago. Either they are perfect in work like the bee or as far behind this age as was Ishmael. I cannot indite the emotions that are stirred by treading the sacred ground

about Shechem. It requires a journey to the spot to realize the flood of thought and feeling that rushes upon one's soul in the presence of such hallowed memories. It is good, it is great, to be here.

Leaving Shechem at 8 A. M., we pass the heavily loaded camels in the highway and the caravan of resting camels in the edge of the village. I note the water conduits built in arched stone and running from hillside springs to reservoirs, some of them now in disuse. Two miles northwest we pass the ancient Tirzah, "Delight." It is beautifully located and once shared the honors with Shechem of being the capital city of the northern kingdom. In Solomon's Song 6:4, the Church as spouse is referred to in the words "Thou art beautiful as Tirzah." After an hour's drive we dismount and leave the road for a walk across the fields and a climb up the hill through an orchard by a winding path to the summit of Samaria. A native boy, pert and persistent in his manners, offers his guiding step and chatter. He volunteers to show us the best road to take and, for reasons best known to himself, insists on faithfully acompanying us for the next hour. Of course his reward is sure.

We come first to the alleged tomb of John Baptist, over which is a church. The tomb is ten feet underground and shut in securely by rock. The minaret of a Moslem mosque covers the remains of an old crusader's church of St. John Baptist built about 1160 A. D. Early Christian tradition places the event of John Baptist's death here in Samaria, while Josephus says it occurred east of Jordan at Machaerus.

At the western height of Samaria Hill are the remains of a very fine basilica. I took a view of the wreck-

ed pillars, the monuments of the past. The present was represented by three women whom our conductor chose to call the "Palestine hay-wagons." On their heads were great bundles of newly cut grass. These peasant women consented to transfer their faces and burdens to my camera—for consideration. Crossing the hill we come to the remains of the Caesarea Gate of Herod's city. These may be the ruins of Ahab's palace when king of Samaria; if so, this is the Bible scene of II Kings 6:24 and 7:20. Perhaps, below in the plain, the Syrian camp was pitched. To this gate came the four lepers who sat at the entrance of the city and said, "Why sit we here until we die?" It was here that the brave prophet Elijah came to rebuke Ahab and foretell the long drouth soon to visit the land.

While our party rested on the steps I took a view of our companion tourists from the statue said to be erected to represent Herod Caesar. The extensive ruins show how greatly they valued this as a site for a temple, palace or tower. Farther down the hillside are the remains of the colonnade of two thousand columns in two parallel rows, one hundred sixty of which may yet be counted. The remains of the Greek Amphitheatre erected by Herod the Great mark, it may be, the location of some magnificent but demolished temple. Samaria was a place of great strength and beauty. It is six miles northwest of Shechem, built on an oblong hill rising 1542 feet above the level of the sea. It is encircled by a broad deep valley and hills beyond, and from this height one may view the Mediterranean in the distance. This city was in its glory 920 B.C. Tirzah and Shechem had been capitals of Israel, then Samaria became the head city for

Women of Samaria laden with Hay.

Ruins on Samaria's Hill.

two hundred years until the captivity of the ten tribes. It soon became the seat of idolatry, and the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos and Micah prophesied hard things against it. Ahab built here a temple for Baal (I Kings 16:32), which temple was destroyed by Jehu (II Kings 10:26-28). The desolate ruins on this ancient hill and the massive stones lying about are a most impressive comment upon Scripture prophecy. In Micah 1:1., we read, "I will make Samaria as a heap of the field and as plantings of a vineyard, and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley." All this desolation is to be seen around this hill where once stood the splendid city of Samaria. Memories of the record of Ahab, of Jezebel, of Elijah and of Herod crowd upon us. There are seen all about this historic hill, traces of the vine terraces and remains of threshing floors used in the latter days by the Arabs. Returning to the top of the hill, we get another view of the barren hills and desolate plains which testify to the fulfillment of God's threatenings upon the sins of His people. We follow our guide down the long slope of Samaria and overtake our carriages in the valley, where we are struck with the miserable modern life of the farming populace. Turning eastward we ride along the plain of Dothan, still called by that name, where that historic town once stood. We are crossing the plain now where Joseph's brethren were feeding their flocks when he came to visit them. Here they sold him to the Ishmaelites who were conveying loads of spices to Egypt. We are now upon one of the most ancient highways of the world which was once the principal trade route between the Euphrates valley and Egypt. Elisha was dwelling at Dothan when the Syrians were sent to capture him. Here his servant

saw the vision of the chariots and horsemen appointed as a divine protection against their enemies. We reach Jenin at 3:30 P. M. This village is remarkable for its abundant springs from which water rushes in a great stream through the village and is utilized in reservoirs for irrigation. The view of Mount Carmel, the groves and prosperous fields in the plain below the village, entertains the tourist while the gardens and mulberry trees furnish refreshment and restful pleasure.

The route from Jenin to Nazareth extends north across the plains of Esdraelon. After taking a last look at the palm trees and great cactus hedges in the suburbs of Jenin, we pass great flocks of sheep with their shepherds along the plain, and small villages and a white-domed Moslem shrine on the hills. A ruined tower occupies the heights and possibly marks the site of the watch tower of Jezreel. Widespread fenced fields reveal the best type of cultivation which we have found anywhere in Palestine. This is the heart of the great battlefield of Israel. On the plain land about us occurred the memorable battle between Barak and Sisera (Judges 4). A short distance to the east in the valley of Jezreel, Gideon utterly defeated the Midianites (Judges 7:1-23). The "Fountain in Jezreel" where Saul and his army camped is not far away. Shunem, the place where the Philistines encamped when they came up against Saul, was the home of the Shunamite woman as recorded in II Kings 4:8-37. Stirring events of Old Testament history attach to the scenes and villages along this plain. The battle of Mount Tabor between the Turks and the army of Napoleon the Great in 1799 was fought in this neighborhood. Looking towards the north on the Galilean hills

Nazareth Women Returning With Water Jars from Mary's Well.

Mission School in Nazareth.

we discern a few of the white houses of Nazareth. It will be an hour before we reach the foot hills though, in the clear atmosphere, they seem quite near at hand.

The cultivation of the fields is on a larger scale than we have seen. On one plantation we count seven modern plows and planters drawn by mules or horses. This plain of Esdraelon is largely owned by a Beirut landlord who is making an effort to introduce modern machinery. If the laws of the country shall encourage or permit improved implements, this soil is capable of the largest possibilities.

XI.

NAZARETH AND GALILEE

WHEN we reach the foothills of Galilee, the stronger members of our party descend from the carriages to relieve our weary horses. Again and again as we walk up the steep hill, we turn for a view of the beautiful plain we have left behind us. The summit at last crossed, picturesque Nazareth, bowered in vendure, breaks on our view. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" It is still a miserable and uninviting town. Our welcome is the best part of the hotel accomodations at this place. We spend an hour in the enjoyment of Arabian songs and in conversation with our host and the street venders who press about our hotel for tourist patronage. Nazareth is famous only because Jesus lived here. It was probably never more populous than today, with 10,000 inhabitants, mostly Christians. There are numerous well managed institutions of religion and philanthropy in the village, mostly under English patronage. The Protestant orphanage on the elevated terrace above the town is most worthy of a visit. In the Church Missionary School we rest and talk with the sixty-four girls and their teachers. The school is of a high Christian tone and the girls exhibit the results of superior training. They make the most of this boyhood home of Jesus. It is pleasing to hear these Christian girls, taken from

native homes, sing such songs as this one:

"We are little Nazareth children,
And our Father placed our home
'Mid the olive trees and vineyards
Where the Savior used to roam.

For the Lord, who loves the children.
And was glad to hear their praise,
Cares that Nazareth children know Him,
Do His will and choose His ways."

And we know that He is coming.
Every knee to Him shall bow,
And the joyous shouts to greet Him
Shall begin in Nazareth now."

Again, they repeat this tribute to their Master and King:

"O Nazareth, lovely Nazareth,
Name ever dear to me;
For Jesus played and Jesus prayed,
A happy boy in thee.

But now to that fair city,
We need not go today.
Jesus is near; Jesus is here
To listen as we pray."

A pure and intense Gospel life is the only redemption for the modern inhabitants of Galilee. We have not time to visit the medical mission and other Church institutions. We must visit the Franciscan Monastery attached to the Church of the Annunciation. The old monk who takes us through the premises speaks good English.

He shows us the double altar recently built and the chapel in process of construction; also, Murillo's original painting of the boy Jesus, and Joseph with the Mother near by. It is, perhaps, the sweetest and best original painting found in Palestine. A beautiful edifice has been built over the traditional site of the Virgin's home. In a crypt beneath the high altar the tourist is shown the room where the Angel Gabriel is said to have appeared to Mary; also the traditional Mary's kitchen and Joseph's workshop.

A Jewish synagogue, now converted into a Greek church, possibly was in existence in the time of Christ and is said, with some measure of probability, to be the place where Jesus delivered his memorable first discourse (Luke 4:16-30), which so aroused the hatred of His fellow citizens that they hurried Him to the brow of the hill to cast Him down headlong. The Mount of Precipitation, or "Brow of the Hill" is a questionable site about which there is much division of opinion. It seems most likely that it was the hill above the orphanage from which a most enchanting view may be had ofMount Carmel and the Sea, the mountains across Jordan, Mount Tabor, Little Hermon, Mount Gilboa, Mount Hermon to the north and other transporting views of earth, sea and sky.

But, best of all, this is Jesus' own town. He walked these same streets for thirty years and there can be no doubt that He passed His life among this same kind of townsmen. He went into the synagogue with the anointing of the Spirit upon Him and said "This day is this Scripture fulfilled." But how few of the people seemed to know or feel the wonderful power of the Christ spirit!

We dare not leave the village until the most interesting spot in Nazareth is seen: namely, the so-called Mary's Well in the valley east of the town. From this spot, close to the Greek Church of the Annunciation, the waters are conducted by a stone aqueduct to the village fountain. This spring in the basin, from time immemorial must have been frequented by the women and children for water. We take snap-shots of many water carriers who come to draw water for family use and carry it away in jars upon their heads just as did the carpenter's wife with her Holy Child in the primitive Gospel days.

Before we leave this interesting locality, let us look into the shop of the ancient clay potter. He is plying his art with a deft hand and spinning his wheel with his foot. After baring his arm he turns his wheel and proves his skill while we note the changing form of the "clay in the potter's hand." In his little dismal shop, this skilled workman spends his long day at a wage equal to five francs or one dollar, which is less than one-third of what his services would command in America.

The time has come to leave Nazareth for Tiberias. The French hospital and Russian mission are passed as the road climbs the steep summit over-hanging Nazareth. From my journal, I copy these words which were written while yet enjoying the sights of this famous village: "Note before we leave it, our last view of Nazareth. It contains 5000 Greek Christians, 1500 Latin Christians, 2500 Moslems, 700 Protestants, English and Baptist missions with hospital. Eight men with the mayor, appointed by the sultan, constitute its municipal court. Its citizens are industrious and belated Nazarenes. If they had received their Lord 2000 years ago and had retained His

teaching since, they need not today have been so far behind the times in civilized comforts."

Close to an old shrine, we pause to take a good view of the magnificent landscape and a last view of Nazareth. The road winds down rapidly into the picturesque village of Kefr-Kenna. This town with its conspicuous churches is known as Cana of Galilee. The well of Cana is shown us, from which water was drawn and turned into wine at the celebrated marriage feast (John 2:1-11). In the Greek church we are welcome to examine what professes to be the two identical water pots used on the memorable occasion of the marriage where Jesus performed His first miracle. They would probably hold about nine or ten gallons each. On the site of the house in which the wedding took place, are the ruins of a monastery and fragments of an ancient wall. Mount Carmel and the Great Sea are seen to the northwest. We enter the plain where lived the tribe of Naphtali. We pass a large and flourishing village on our right and soon arrive at the base of the mountain known as the Horns of Hattin. Near this road the most bloody and decisive battle of the Crusaders was fought. The Christians were defeated by the Moslems. This terrible conflict, which was waged in defense of the doctrine of the Prince of Peace, was fought almost on the very spot where our Lord, by tradition, delivered His wonderful Sermon on the Mount. The view from the carriage road makes us believe that we can walk to the summit of the Mount of Beatitudes in ten minutes. As a matter of fact, it will take us a half-hour but it will well reward our toil; for here, where were uttered our Lord's famous words, we re-read this glorious and matchless sermon (Matt. 5:1) and get

our first view of the lovely waters of the Sea of Galilee.

"A city set upon a hill cannot be hid." May Christ not have pointed to Safed as He uttered the words? Yonder it lies, twelve miles to the north like a broad piece of white marble upon the brown mountain side. It is the highest city of Galilee and is regarded by the Jews as one of the four sacred cities of the world; the other three being Jerusalem, Hebron and Tiberias. I must photograph the members of our party while we rest on the Horns of Hattin and in sight of the great basin where the multitude might well have sat to hear the Master while He "spake as never man spake." Surely, as a recent traveler has fitly said, Palestine is an illustrated edition of the Bible.

This country has such an important relation to history, prophecy, and the future, as to make it a coveted object of study by all scholars. It is not so pleasing to the average tourist, though the introduction of a few railways, good highways and comfortable hotels, makes it much more inviting than in former years. The Sultan of Turkey has built a railroad from Damascus to Mecca, Arabia, partly for the accommodation of religious pilgrims to that Mohammedan shrine. The government is also about to complete a line from Galilee to Jerusalem. This will connect the heart of Palestine with the ports of Joppa and Beirut.

The great rocky hills and stony ground everywhere impress the stranger as he tours Palestine. Even the plains are covered with stone; but even with a scarcity of rain, flocks of goats and sheep seem to subsist. They are seen scattered over the mountain side or resting in the valleys and always attended by a peasant shepherd whose

sole daily business is to watch his flock. Watchmen guard the herds from trespassing on the grain which is mostly barley and wheat. No fences through the country separate the pastures or possessions. Another feature of the country is that the people live exclusively in stone or mud tile-covered dwellings grouped in villages upon the hillsides, some on very steep ascents, and invariably surrounded and protected by walls. A small village will report 2500 or 5000 inhabitants when a stranger would guess 500 as the maximum number. Of course there are in eastern Palestine and Syria, nomadic Bedouin who are the descendants of Ishmael and their dark tent homes may be seen here and there, particularly east of the Jordan. They cling to their peculiar garb, to the horse, and especially to the sword and gun which they carry as a part of their necessary outfit. Hills and plains, houses and gardens, are dotted with varied-colored native flowers, adding beauty in springtime to the otherwise drear landscape.

The influence of France and England is shown by the predominence of the French and English languages about the shops and hotels. I have found that French money goes first in Palestine, then English, and third, the "coin of the realm" or Turkish money. Greek and Italian coins are not used in commerce.

As we come into northern Palestine and Syria we find great illiteracy apparent. In Damascus and larger cities, barring such coast cities as Beirut, one never sees a person reading a periodical and never sees one sold on the streets. Perhaps ninety per cent of the people cannot read or write. Girls are never educated. There are no schools for them under Turkish government. Boys

Dancing Dervishes taken near Hot Springs on Lake Tiberias.

Ruins of Capernaum.

are schooled to a limited extent, if their parents pay for their tuition. Of course there are numerous Church schools conducted by the Greek and Jews, Latin Christians, and a few by Protestants; otherwise it is a country of ignorance and semi-civilization. Poverty waits on ignorance and native-born inhabitants are pitiably wretched, though contented or stolidly indifferent to their helpless, if not hopeless, condition. They seem not to care for any different or better life.

Nothing is more thrilling than to stand for the first time on the brow of the hill overlooking the blue waters of Galilee. The farther shore is bordered by precipitous cliffs, beyond which rises the gently rolling landscape. The hills are barren; the mountains away to the north reveal the magnificent snow-clad Hermon. The waving outlines of the shore and the blue expanse of charming Galilee awaken a troop of pleasing meditations. The Christian heart approaches these shores thinking of Him who taught the multitude, comforted His disciples and controlled the waves. The very air seems charged with the Master's words: hill and valley are written with large letters telling the Bible story which centers about this most beloved portion of the Holy Land.

In Luke 5, this sea is called the Lake of Gennesaret which means "Garden of the Prince"; in Christ's time this land was a fertile region with fruits and several populous and prosperous villages about its shore. Isaiah calls it "The Sea." It is also known as the "Sea of Tiberias" and is, by carriage road, about one hundred miles north of Jerusalem. The lake itself is between twelve and fourteen miles long, and six to seven miles wide and is beautifully encircled by the hills. The Jordan, a muddy

stream, flows into it from the north, coloring the sparkling blue waters and forming an outlet at its southern extremity. Its depth is from one hundred to two hundred feet. This was really the center of trade for the provinces of Galilee. Near Tiberias, the water is polluted with sewage but elsewhere is fit for drinking purposes, though made somewhat brackish by salt springs along the shore.

Our headquarters during our sojourn are at the hotel in Tiberias. The restful atmosphere at this early season is not so intolerably hot as a little later. It is gratifying that there should be served to us at our first meal by the sea-shore, fine fish from the sacred waters we have come to visit. He who cannot enjoy a moonlight night at this seaside is either skeptical in his faith or dulled in his fancy. These hallowed shores are so unchanged after the centuries as to leave no doubt about their indentity. The lake is too expansive to be hidden under either mosque or chapel; neither can it be monopolized by sordid Christians or greedy Turks. In the morning we shall find ourselves rocking the waves on our way to Capernaum. Of course we will be forgiven for singing again and again to the time of the boat's motion,.

"O Galilee! Sweet Galilee!
Where Jesus loved so much to be;
O Galilee! blue Galilee!
Come, sing thy song again to me!

And when I read the thrilling lore,
Of Him who walked upon the sea,
I long, oh, how I long once more
To follow him in Galilee.

It is also proper that on the water and shore of this famous sea, we should carry our New Testament and read the Gospel stories of miracles and sermons of the Divine Master.

Our boat ride across the lake northeastward is glorious and the day perfect. Our launch is stranded at the mouth of the Jordan; but two of our boatmen, partly stripped, leap into the sea, Peter-like, and putting their shoulders to the launch, push it off the shoals. We are then pulled southwest to the site of Capernaum where we land at the steps and walk through the ruins of the synagogue built by the centurion in Jesus' day. The carvings on the stone pillars, the symbol of life represented by the egg, and other Scripture emblems in the step and court decorations show the Jewish origin of these remains. It was a costly building with very great stones. The remaining floor is seen, with the stone approach to the sea. The excavations have now ceased on account of the wars and the premises are kept by an old monk who lives near by. We tarry to meditate on the healing of the centurion's servant by Jesus at this spot and on his prophecy against Capernaum in Matthew 11:24 and Mark 6th and 8th chapters, all of which have been literally fulfilled. The same fulfillment of prophecy is noted in the case of the destroyed cities of Chorazin and Bethsaida. Doubtless this synagogue we have just visited is where Christ's wonderful discourse was spoken as recorded in the 6th chapter of John's Gospel. Capernaum was called our Lord's "own city." It was while He was walking on the beach near the town that He called Peter and Andrew to become His disciples. Here Simon's wife's mother was healed of her fever. His miracles

were here multiplied and again and again the waves and waters obeyed His voice. But alas! the cities have been cast down. They were convinced by His deeds and discourses, but they rejected Him and His Gospel and today the very streets where He trod are obliterated and the buildings exterminated because they did not receive Him. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." "The letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life."

According to record and tradition, Tiberias was not the scene of Christ's ministry. Perhaps He never visited it, though it is one of the four sacred cities of the Jews. It was founded or rebuilt during the reign of Tiberius Caesar and stands as the metropolis of Galilee. From the beginning it distinguished itself from all other towns on the sea by adherence to Roman manners and architecture. For some reason, Tiberias alone was saved from the shameful curse of being exalted unto heaven and then "thrust down to hell." On a high plateau to the southwest of the present city stood the citadel of Tiberias and the palace of Herod, where the king spent much of his time. Near by there are several ancient tombs of renowned rabbis. We took pleasure in visiting the medicinal hot springs to the south of the town, which are a constant resort of tourists and natives, bedouins and Christian pilgrims. We find the well kept Medical Mission Hospital of the Free Church of Scotland, a splendid monument to the spirit of the Master who healed the sick and ministered to the bodies as well as the souls of people in His day.

While taking a lonely walk along the shore, I fell in with a government clerk whose name was Abraham, who proved a most hospitable and useful guide. He seemed

like a clean and worthy young man, could speak English well and had been trained in the school at Jerusalem. He is paid twenty dollars per month as secretary of the governor of this province. The governor's salary amounts to about seventy dollars per month. He insisted upon taking me to his home and showing me the village, while he confessed that his Turkish government is a "very weak government." He had serious faults to find with his Moslem neighbors who drink "araka" and get drunk on it, despite the religious law against drunkenness. He said that Christians and Jews alike drink this stuff, greatly to their bodily and mental detriment. He stated that the climate here in the summer season is almost unendurable, even for the natives. Nothing but their stone houses prevents them from sunstroke in the oppressive noonday hours. There are fourteen synagogues in this town of 10,000 people and the muezzin calls to prayer are often heard from our hotel window.

Our New Testament passages are illuminated anew by our visit to Galilee. With refreshed bodies, souvenir shells and other reminders of our never-to-be-forgotten visit to this region, we push out in the government launch, the next morning, across the waters of the lake to the south and in about forty-five minutes have reached Samach, where we will take the train for a day's ride to Damascus. The snowy Hermon forty-eight miles to the north appears, the sight of which continues almost all day. During our one hundred forty miles' ride we have a view of the Sunnim mountain and Lebanon range thirty miles further north and west, whose snow glows in the Syrian sunshine.

While waiting at the station of Samach, located at

the south end of the Sea of Galilee, an Arab restaurant keeper charged us four metaliks, or five cents, for sitting on the sofa he had placed in the open shed of the station adjoining his restaurant. After remaining a few minutes of the hour, we entered the train; but the zealous Arab followed us to collect his four metaliks, which I paid, only now he asked five. I drove him away after paying the four. He touched his head in wrath; but whether he meant something was out of fix with my pate or his own, I could not divine.

Wall where Paul was let down in basket at Damascus.

Bread for Sale in Streets of Damascus.

XII.

DAMASCUS THE ANCIENT

THE journey by rail to Damascus is a pleasing one. Our party occupies four apartments. We brought individual lunches from the hotel, some of us having provided coffee or lemonade as refreshment for the day, for there is no dining car. A splendidly engineered serpentine road up the mountain and through tunnels, conducts us in sight of gushing hot springs and rippling streams as we climb to the plateau Hawaran. Flocks of goats and sheep with their shepherds in the deep gorges below us look like ants. Numerous stops are made; three signals are given: first, the bell rung by the station agent; second, the horn blown by the train man, and third, the quick engine whistle and the "all aboard" call often added to insure that all the passengers are ready to start. If some run to fill bottles at a hydrant near the station, the train will be delayed to accomodate them. These Oriental trainmen are not so cruelly prompt as to leave anyone behind if he should not be "on time." This Arab country is dotted with black rocks and ruined villages. Part of the soil seems fertile, but mostly it is a barren plain till we come near Damascus.

Our first attraction is the river of Pharpar which is a feeble and almost absorbed stream, scarcely worthy the name of even a creek at this time of the year. Late

in the day Damascus comes into view, the ancient city of all the old cities. We enter it under very different circumstances from those attending Saul in his day. This city is still a destination much to be desired by weary travelers, and our minds revert to the Bible story as our eyes behold the multiplied domes and minarets of the mosques that distinguish this commercial center of the Orient. Our carriage driver from the station loses his way and keeps driving us about the city; but remembering that we must reach the Palace Hotel, we venture to instruct our guide on the front seat and finally land with the rest of our party. We find a hearty welcome and, best of all, our first good water which provides a longed-for refreshment. It comes from porous jars and speaks of the snowy fountain of the near-by mountains from which it springs.

Damascus is located in a luxurious, well wooded and fruitful plain. The city itself, with its 180,000 inhabitants, has many villages in its suburbs and vicinity. The plain round about containing one hundred twenty square miles is made both famous and productive by its rivers Abana and Pharpar, of which Naaman the Syrian so proudly boasted (II Kings 5:12). Orientals have called Damascus the "pearl set in emeralds." It is oval, shaped somewhat like a hand mirror. Its color is a pearly gray owing to the plaster and stone in the houses that look like concrete. The buildings appear as one great plant jammed together in one enclosure. The city is surrounded on all sides by myriads of trees which, in the early summer, give an "emerald" setting to the "pearl."

There is no older city of renown which has maintained a continuous existence and business life dating

Veiled Women in Street of Damascus.

Crowded Street in Smyrna, Asia.

from its foundation in the earliest ages of human history. If Rome is the "Eternal City" then Damascus is the "Immortal City"; for long before Rome was founded Damascus was as populous and beautiful as she is today. Four thousand years ago, when Abraham, who is said to have received a special revelation near the city, employed his servant Eliezer of Damascus, he probably saw the same types of costume and faces, and observed the same fashions and habits of daily life as are witnessed by modern tourists. Pharpar is an inferior river scarcely worthy the name and is much of the time absorbed by the sands of the plain. Abana is the main glory and life-giver of Damascus. It rises in a deep pool fed by the mountains and rushes full-fledged, twenty to thirty feet wide, in a long series of water-falls. By it, not only are the gardens irrigated, the plains and orchards made perpetually fruitful; but nearly every street, bazaar, courtyard, hotel and dwelling is supplied with cold fresh running water. Having thus blessed the people, beautified the city, sustained commerce, ripened fruits and enriched gardens, the river broadens into shallow, marshy lakes and disappears in the sands some fourteen miles beyond the city.

Sunday, May the 3rd, the Syrian sun shines clear and hot. The gray walls and pavements dazzle our eyes while we make a Sabbath day's journey through the crooked streets with our competent guide, that we may join in worship with the people of the Scotch mission and school. There are but few Christians among this great Moslem and Jewish population. It is a hard mission field, though the Bible story is closely interwoven at many points with scenes which we are soon to visit. Much of

natural beauty and many ancient landmarks are seen as we wander about the streets. Silver poplar trees tower above the walls and native houses. In mid-summer, fruit trees abound with apricots, walnuts, almonds, plums, figs and pomegranates. Vineyards are cultivated in the mountains near-by and the famous Damask roses and myrtle trees grow in great luxuriance. We are eight hours ahead of American time and feel a little lonely in our Sabbath separation from friendly Church associates across the seas. It is, therefore, a great joy to meet by chance with Dr. Carl G. Doney, President of West Virginia Wesleyan College, and his family in the hotel, where in the afternoon we hear a Gospel discourse from a minister of our party on the conversion of Saul as he neared Damascus. An unusual interest attaches to the story in the Acts of the Apostles, as we read of the light above the shining of the noonday sun. With grateful hearts and stirring emotions we spend an evening hour upon the roof of our hotel hearing the Muezzin calls to prayer and watching the zealous Moslem men performing their ablutions and acts of evening devotion in their mosques nearby.

Early the following morning, our carriages are in waiting and we drive to the house of Ananias near the street "Straight," which is still a straight street running through the heart of the city. This house is an underground chapel where tradition locates the home of this sainted man who laid his hands upon "brother Saul." Pictures of recent date on the walls portray Saul as kneeling with closed eyes before Ananias. Though the Moslem destroyer has raided and controlled this city for centuries, we are not left in doubt that we are near the

locality described in the record of Paul receiving his sight. The same conviction of certainty possesses us as a little further on we come to the house where Paul was let down in a basket to escape the persecution of the Jews who sought to slay him. It is near the park of poplar and myrtle trees; a stream from the Abana river flows by; we perpetuate our interest with a kodak view of the window and wall where Paul escaped; also of a plane tree called the "Tree of Mohammed" not far distant, which is so venerable as almost to justify the tradition that it is 1200 years old and began to grow at Mohammed's birth. We must see the modern as well as the ancient Damascus, therefore we will visit the brass and wood work factory employing six hundred people. Here is a most pitiable exhibition of child labor, not to say slavery, where children from five years and upwards are made to sit and toil with chisel and hammer amid a racking noise like a boiler shop for many hours of the day, receiving for their labor less than half a franc or ten cents, with no prospect of schooling, no companionship but their crude uncultured shop-mates, and no shelter but the poorly ventilated rooms of the Oriental homes which, among the poorer people, are unworthy of even the name of house. Here in another part of the city is the "Naaman Lepers' Home." How grievous to behold these miserable creatures! We shrink from them and turn aside with gratitude that there is some show of philanthropy on behalf of these wretched folk, who are the creatures of Oriental filth, ignorance and sin.

The streets, shops and chapels, while associated with repulsive sights of overloaded donkeys, veiled women, burdened children and lazy men, are marked by evidences

of industry and prosperity. The work-shops turn out hand-made goods. Working implements are thousands of years behind the times, but the stores reveal great Oriental enterprise mixed with European life. It is a low order of commercial life and we shrink from the thought of living and doing business in some of these miserably dark, damp and unhealthy dens in the wall. It is a good place to purchase souvenirs and several of our party provide themselves with curtains, inlaid chairs and deft handiwork of wood, lace and linen. The people have a kindly spirit and respond to the strangers with a bland "good morning" as we pass. We here have our first experience with Oriental ice-cream, which has the form without the flavor and, like many of their mixtures, is very uncertain in composition as well as in its method of manufacture.

We must not leave the city without a visit to the Mosque of Omeiyades. In the days of Naaman of Syria, it was the famous House of Rimmon (II Kings 5:18). This temple was so magnificent in architecture and decorations, that Ahaz, king of Judah, who was familiar with all the glories of Solomon's Temple, was struck with wonder at the altar in this temple and had one made like it in the Temple of Jehovah in Jerusalem (II Kings 16:10). Early in the Christian era, this building was completely destroyed and on its site a splendid Roman temple was dedicated to Jupiter; but some remains of the earliest temple are seen. On the lintel of one of the gateways, we find the words, "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and Thy dominion throughout all generations." This inscription may be seen by ascending to the roof of the bazaars outside the mosque. Early

in the 5th century A. D., a Christian cathedral was erected over the ruins of this temple, which was famous for two centuries, at which date Moslems again seized the building and converted it into a mosque. This mosque with its costly tiles and priceless mosaic was completely wrecked by fire A. D. 1069 and again in 1400 A. D. A costly shrine of John the Baptist is here exhibited, beneath which his head is said to have been interred. A few indifferent worshipers are to be seen about this mosque, with its prayer rugs, Mecca niches and gorgeous windows. Careless of our irreverent gaze, they continue their silent prayers while we visit the tomb of Saladin. At the western end of the court is a remarkable structure standing on columns. It is called the Dome of the Treasury. Inside it were found a few years ago, some extremely ancient manuscripts. Another domed structure called the "Dome of the hours" is found in the eastern end of the court. Among the minarets of this mosque, is one called the minaret of Jesus (Isa), because the Moslems teach that Jesus will come here first to judge the world, in this, its most ancient city.

Strolling leisurely through the bazaars and along the streets, we study the stalls of the cotton merchants, shawl-makers, silversmiths, vegetable venders and dealers in a hundred other lines of merchandise. Have you ever heard such bustling activity and incessant din of shrill voices from the street hawkers? Have you ever seen such gay colored costumes with endless variety of shades? What a general light-heartedness and ceaseless mob pervades the street life of Damascus! It is a continuous kaleidoscope, a ceaseless panorama by day and by night. A restless activity marks Damascus as the climax city

of enterprise in all the Orient. Once every year this city is crowded with thousands of Moslem pilgrims for the great Haj, or sacred procession to Mecca, which leaves the city over the long street Meidan, through the "gate of God" as it is called. Many of these pilgrims to Mecca now go part way on the railroad which is completed as far as Medina.

The famous street called "Straight" was once a broad thoroughfare. It is now a comparatively narrow foot-way and you see by the closed archways where the street once ran. A visit to the public library shows us a dismal affair, inferior to a cheap second-hand book store in an American city. The school for boys is an indifferent institution supported only by private tuition. The pupils are comparatively few though bright and cheerful. Their primitive desks look old-fashioned indeed. Their prospect of an education is sadly limited. Upon inquiry we learn that there are only ten schools here, five Mohammedan and five Christian. They are all of private character or under benevolent patronage. The stamp of ignorance and oppression so notable in the Turkish Empire is plainly seen upon the present inhabitants. The soil and climate of this valley are equal to the best in the world; but the want of Christian life and western civilization stands in the way of all progress.

We left Damascus, regretting only that our visit was so brief.

Landscape and Road nearing Sychar Well.

Lebanon Mountains Viewed from near Grand Hotel, Baalbek.

XIII.

BAALBEK AND BEIRUT

A RAILROAD trip via Ryak to Baalbek takes us by the irrigated gardens, picturesque parks and locust groves above the crystal Abana and enhances our appreciation of Syria.

Baalbek, a town of about five thousand inhabitants, proved to be a surprise and a most delightful place to visit. It is the site of the most magnificent temple ruins in existence. The Turkish government controls the premises, including about eleven acres enclosed by walls. Four thousand tourists annually visit this small town and gladly pay a dollar apiece for admission to this wreckage. The foundations and pillars here surpass in some respects the Acropolis in Athens. They show the Pagan zeal for the sun-god, Baal; also the Roman devotion to Jupiter and Bacchus.

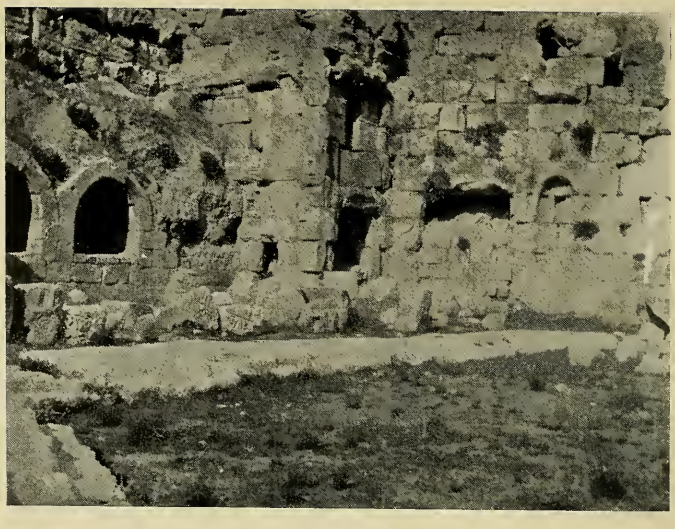
The word Baalbek is of Phoenician origin, a probable contradiction of Baal-Beka. There are many Bible examples of places beginning with the prefix Baal: for example, Baal-gad (Joshua 11:17), Baal-hazor (II Sam. 13:23), Baal-zephon (Ex. 14:2). All such cases show that a shrine or temple dedicated to Baal was built at the place named, for the use of Baal worshipers in this vicinity. Baalbek, therefore, was probably the central temple site for the town and villages along the valley in

which it is located. The original temple was doubtless dedicated to Baal and his associate deities in remote ages of the past. According to Arabic traditions, Adam and the patriarchs lived near here, and Cain, the son of Adam, built it in the year 133 of the creation and peopled it with giants. The ruins which we now visit belong chiefly to the Roman and Arabic epochs. The largest of the temples erected on these ruins was one to the honor of the Roman sun-god. A second temple associated with it was the Temple of Bacchus. A Christian basilica was erected exactly upon the altar of burnt sacrifices when the Jupiter temple was destroyed. During the Crusades and the Mohammedan wars, Baalbek was a fortified fort of great renown, but was ruined again and again and was destroyed by Timur the Tartar in the 14th century. Not only have these sublime monuments suffered by the attacks from powerful armies; periodical earthquakes have wrought terrible violence among these structures of stone. Some of us made two or more extensive visits to these ruins, for the impression is so overwhelming that one feels drawn with reverence and awe to the presence of the massive stones and pillars which present themselves like giants of another age.

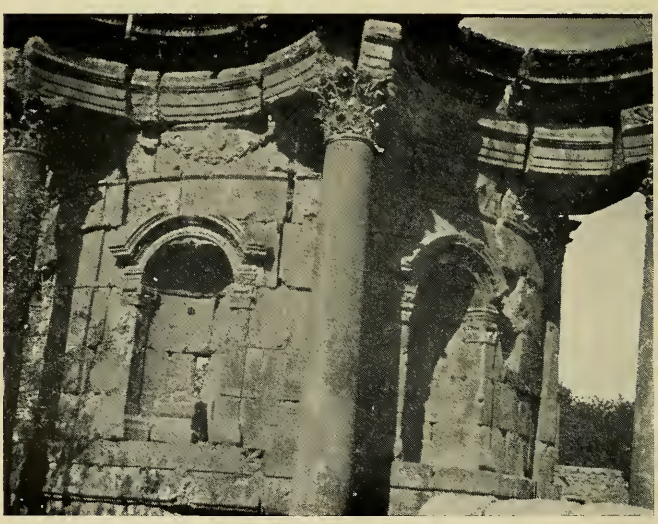
Before entering the gate, a visit to the cyclopean wall will richly repay the tourist. Three gigantic blocks of stone remain in their place in the unbroken wall at the northwest corner of the ruins. These colossal stones rest upon four granite courses of rock which would be conspicuous in themselves for their size, were it not for the fourth composed of six stones each about thirty feet long and thirteen feet high. This course is continued round the north side of the wall. On the top of the six stones,

At Baalbek Pillars.

Six Titan Pillars of Baalbek Ruins.



Ruins of Temple at Baalbek, Syria.



Sample Column of Baalbek Ruins.

rest the three greatest building stones in the world. These are sixty four feet long, thirteen feet in height and ten feet wide. Startling as these stones are in size, they have been carved into shape and placed with such accuracy that, while no mortar or cement has been used to unite them above or beneath, they have been placed side by side so squared and leveled, that you can hardly detect where one stone ends and the next begins. Not even a knife blade or a piece of paper can be passed between any two of them. Each stone has been computed to weigh about one thousand tons. One modern explorer of good authority has calculated that it required 40,000 men to move these enormous stones from the quarry a mile away and lift them thirty-five feet above the ground. The mate for one of these great stones is found in the quarry at the opposite side of the present village, partly quarried and apparently nearly ready to be placed in the unfinished wall adjoining the three gigantic stones above mentioned.

Ascending the great flight of steps on the east we reach the Propylaea, and enter the court through twelve great columns flanked on either side by noble wings. We next come to the fore-court which is hexagonal. The great court westward from the unroofed hexagonal fore-court, has the dimensions of an average city block, four hundred feet long, three hundred eighty-five feet wide. There are many unfinished carvings and decorations. Everything about this court is colossal. On an elevated platform in the center of the star, stands the remains of a Christian Church. Beneath it, under the floor, is built a stone altar designed for the sacrifices of burnt offerings to Baal. It is similar to rock-cut altars in other localities. To the north and south of the great altar, are basins

with stone decorations representing sea-lions, horses, flowers, etc. Beyond and westward still from the altar is a great flight of steps leading to the Temple of the Sun. Six stupendous columns on the south side of this temple remain standing. These are nearly ninety feet high; the shafts themselves measuring sixty-five feet. The Temple of the Sun seems never to have been finished and there were fifty-four pedestals for mammoth columns like the six that stand.

South and opposite the great court and the Temple of the Sun, is the Temple of Bacchus, perhaps the finest ancient building in Syria and Palestine in anything like a good state of preservation. It has been greatly devastated by the destroyer and probably shattered by convulsions of nature; but at the entrance doorway to the temple are most skillful carvings of vines and ivy, the symbols of Bacchus. It is the most magnificent door to be found in any ancient ruin. The roof of the temple has entirely disappeared.. Scenes from the life of Bacchus are exposed in reliefs which are sadly defaced. The figure of the god leaning against a tree is discernable. A lofty statue, possibly of Bacchus, once stood against the west wall. Here is a secret chamber similar to those found in old Christian churches. A Saracenic guard-house dating back to the thirteenth century stands facing the Temple of Bacchus. The exit from the temple is by means of a vaulted tunnel, part of a system of vaults or caves under the temple.

A fine view of the surrounding country is obtained from the remaining heights of the temple and guard-house. A short distance southeast of the village is a half-ruined circular building of the same elaborate order,

adorned as these temples just referred to. It is known as the Shrine of Venus. Some of the crosses cut in the stone walls in the interior indicate that it was once used as a Christian church. I confess to emotions of gladness and gratitude while walking through the ruins of Baalbek. Signs of earthquake and vandalism point to defeated ambitions of Pagan religionists. Did Jehovah not rebuke the wicked world and princes in the day of the building of the Tower of Babel? May not these mammoth ruins serve as His comment upon the tyranny of slavery and idolatry in these early days? May not Providence be speaking a rebuke to Roman degeneracy as these great prostrate pillars lie shattered and broken upon the ground? May not these unplaced stones and ruined carvings near the Temple of Bacchus be regarded as a divine denunciation of excessive wine drinking, busy pleasure seeking and false ambition? The quarries nearby are silent: the altar of sacrifice is mute: the carvings are faded by the storms of centuries, defaced by the hatred of rival armies; the laughing gaiety of luxury is turned into the dirge of death. War and foes have set aside the pride of man. The moon and stars that God made, shine tonight with undimmed glory. The rippling brook of clear water sings its song as when these temples were reared. The snow-capped Lebanon looks down on these broken columns and seem to say, "Only God is great." What the Creator orders and what God does, alone survive the pinch of centuries.

The sunshine and scenery of a day's ride from Baalbek to Beirut atone in part for our discomfort because of a promiscuous crowd of natives. Some of us manage to exclude the Turkish cigarette both for our own and

our ladies' sakes. The mountain crossing of the Lebanon was most magnificent. The distant valleys, the mulberry and silk industries, the flocks and olive groves, the babbling brooks and rushing water springing from mountain side, the snowy Lebanon glistening under the sun, the cooling breeze of the mountain heights and the distant perspective of landscape and valley all go to make up a most memorable day of travel. The shores of the Mediterranean are noted for their romantic beauty at many points. Few places, however, are more delightful than Beirut with its handsome sweep of Saint George's Bay. The picturesque residences of the city, their walls painted in glowing colors with red tiled roofs, have a fine background in the terraced mountain sides. There are innumerable mulberry and pine groves. The white clumps of buildings mark the sites of various villages dotted about the slopes and heights of the mountain ranges in the distance. The snow covered ridges of the lofty Sunnin crown the scene. It is a caes in which nature outdoes art.

Beirut has a good harbor, deep water, solid masonry breakwater and jetties. All vessels may find safe anchorage here. It is a city of 130,000 and has the most thriving export and import trade of any city of Syria. It is really the seaport of Damascus and is the head of the government of western Palestine. Grain, silk and wool are the principal exports. There are large Turkish barracks for the government soldiers here. A British company controls the excellent water supply. The French own the city gas. Arabic and French are generally spoken, though the American College and the British Syrian schools, and constant inflow or tourists from Britian and America contribute to the spread of the English lan-

guage. Few, if any, ports unite mountain resorts with coast privilege so near at hand. The Beirut inhabitants in an hour's time may migrate to the mountain villages five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The contrast in climate is also very marked.

There are not many ancient landmarks about Beirut and suburbs. One of the most notable is the Crusading Castle on the margin of the sea near the harbor. Fragments of an ancient monastery, prostrate columns, are to be found here and there. One of the most striking and fashionable parks in Beirut is the pine grove planted by a famous Druse prince for the purpose of protecting the plain of Beirut from drifting masses of red sand which are borne in upon the gardens and plantations. These pines are intersected by broad handsome roads and boulevards. It is the people's popular resort. On Fridays and Sundays a well trained band may be heard here and the gay populace fill the grove in gala attire. At the extreme west of Saint George's Bay is Beirut Head. Just off the beautiful cliffs which terminate the shore drive from the city, are seen the pigeons' grottoes. The water dashes into the inlets, and about the cliffs are multitudes of birds. The air is most transparent and the distances are ludicrously deceiving. Attempt to throw a stone from the cliff and your guess at the greatness of the distance will thoroughly humiliate you.

A fine carriage road drive seven and a half miles along the shore of the bay to Dog river, furnishes a happy opportunity for observing the employments of the people as well as the features of the country. Of course we must stop to see the silk worm industry. The gray rock walls and red tile roofs offer a striking contrast. By the

side of the mulberry orchards, are stone houses and sheds containing the shelves where the silk worms are daily fed with the leaves of the mulberry trees. Silk is the leading article of export from this region. All the year round the springs from the mountains supply the homes and irrigate the gardens and orchards. The city water-works are said, by their superintendent, to be the finest in the world, except those of Portland, Oregon.

On our way we will stop for a visit to the Maronite Church, said to be the oldest organized Christian church in the world. It is near where the disciples were first called Christians. It is a simple structure after the Latin Catholic type, but the architecture is modern. The Maronites in this district are numerous and their priests have the liberty not granted other Roman Catholic priests: namely, the right of matrimony.

We soon reach Dog River. The "Dog" or "Wolf" after which the river is named, is a stone, fallen from a cliff and largely covered in the sea. The cliffs of the rocky hillside are famous for their eight or more inscriptions of Assyrian and Egyptian origin. The carvings are found on the rocky ledges above the bay and near the river and date back, the Assyrian to 700 B. C., and the Egyptian to 1300 B. C. It is a marvel that the centuries have not worn them beyond recognition and that, unguarded, they have not been seriously defaced. The Roman bridge with its arches and near-by mountain-side niches form a monument of Pagan pride and the view of it makes a famous rustic scene. Everything that man has wrought shows signs of decay; but here, as elsewhere, the mountain stream is fresh with new beauty and the flowers by the highway bloom in the glorious

sunlight as if to mock the ravages of time. Even the rocks are worn into fantastic shapes along the seaside and cliffs. The old fashioned saw-mill continues to serve its owner. Peasant women sitting upon the ground ply their art of cleansing in their own Oriental way. The shops by the roadside lazily appealing for patrons, the sheep driven along the highway, ready for shearing or slaughter, present an Oriental picture not likely soon to be effaced.

A part of the day must be used to visit the German cemetery near the center of the city. To our party, the chief attraction here is the grave of Bishop Calvin Kingsley, who died April 6, 1870, on the first Episcopal tour of the world. It is a sacred spot for all Protestant tourists. In this city that so blends western civilization and eastern custom, we walk about the humble monument upon the pavement of decorated pebbles and mark the graves of other heroes who lie beside him. But the inscription from his tomb rivets our attention and starts the profoundest veneration for our missionaries who have sacrificed all to make the wilderness blossom as the rose. These are the words we copy from his granite shaft: "May his tomb unite more closely, Asia and America. Erected as a tribute of appreciation and esteem by order of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The Protestant Girls' School not far away, with its modern facilities, thorough instruction and charming faces, is most interesting. Not less so is the room where, during sixteen years, a father and later his son, translated into Arabic the text of the Holy Scriptures.

Our day would be incomplete if we did not visit the

Syrian Protestant College on the hill where we find the largest and best sample of Christian education in the East. Dr. Howard Bliss is president of the college. At four o'clock we join the great body of a thousand students who are entering their chapel for daily worship. Mature young men in varied garbs and representing three continents are marching in with serious step, to hear the reading of the Scriptures and to join in the songs and prayers which mark this hour of every day. They represent a great variety of religious faith. The Mohammedan, Jewish, Druse, Maronite, Greek and Roman Catholic, Armenian, Syrian, and Protestant British and European boys fill the great chapel. They listen attentively to the Word of God as read by their President and then join with enthusiasm in the hymn:

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known."

The school is supported largely by American benevolence. It is a cross between a kindergarten and a university. While all faiths are respected, the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ and the chaste morality of the Christian Bible are constantly magnified and mingled with the best scientific instruction. The results are wonderful. Nothing we have seen so thrilled us. Smoking, drinking and gambling are forbidden among the students. This institution, which is patronized by governors, princes and every type of citizenship in the East, will certainly stand for many years as the hope of the Turkish Empire and

of Syria. The Arabs and Moslems are being deeply impressed with the triumphs of missionary zeal through our Christian schools. A better day is dawning because a higher life has come to the people through the missionary teacher. Whatever may be the outcome of the present world-wide war, the Christian college will be recognized as the means of promoting progress and fulfilling prophecy.

On concluding our pilgrimage in Syria, I wrote in my journal these words: "This day at Beirut has surely been one of the best of all our trip, and fullest of inspiration and rest."

XIV.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE TURK

"Equador" of the French line is our steamship for Constantinople. The Governor-General of Beirut, accompanied by Turkish soldiers and martial music, is taking the same vessel for the same port. Forty or fifty boatmen crown about us to get baggage and passengers. At last we have pushed through them all and are landed upon our comfortable ship for a four-day journey.

Viewing the city of Beirut as we leave the bay, I am deeply impressed with the fact that a city port under commercial and Christian influence from the west, ceases to be the Arabic and Oriental city which its location leads us to expect. It is outwardly modernized as are the customs of the people. Through our glass we study Patmos in the distance, with its convent on the mountain peak. We recall the vision of John while we re-read the letters to seven churches and try to think after him the thoughts which thrilled him as he passed over these very waters under the wrath of Nero, but basking in the smile of the Divine Master.

At twelve o'clock, most of our party are ready to take a boat for the town of Vathy, now a Greek city, the largest on the Isle of Samos, containing 25,000 inhabitants. Several hundred Greek soldiers are about the streets. These men give six months to the service of

Greece for five leptas (one penny) a day with clothes and board. The town, since rescued from the Turks two years ago, has driven the Moslems out. The new Greek has come in and he is taking pride in building up a city clean and progressive. The harbor is a beautiful natural bay, very transparent to a great depth. Along the walled wharf we find many star sea-urchins, queer little animals of the lowest order. They are like small star-fish, about two and a half inches across with porcupine quills which move about and serve as fins. When skin and spines are removed, they are said to be edible.

Smyrna is a great commercial center and also a Bible city. We drive through the streets past the Turkish palace, ascend a hill by a zigzag road, walking part of the way, until we reach at last the tomb of Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. The tomb is painted green and is one of the most famous shrines for the resort of Christian pilgrims, although it is under the control of the Mohammedans. From this tomb of Father Polycarp, we ascend to Mount Pagus where we have a rare view of the fortifications of the Romans and a bird's-eye view outlook on the whole city and bay. From this lofty view point, we turn our eyes toward Ephesus, another of the cities marking the location of one of the seven churches of Asia. We recall Revelation 2:8-11, "Ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Smyrna is the only city of the seven church cities of Asia Minor that still lives. In every other case the candlestick has been removed out of its place. Prophecy has been fulfilled and Ephesus with its ruins, and the other cities wholly ignored and obliterated, serve as further fulfillment of the prophecy of the Holy Scriptures.

Remounting our carriages, we descend the hill past the Roman aqueduct which crosses the valley. Women are pounding their family washing in the flowing stream. Various shops, shaded nooks and Roman ruins are passed before we reach the Caravan Bridge. This is a metropolitan city. Our procession takes us through the Jewish, the Turkish, the Armenian and the French quarters where bazaars are open and trading caravans confront us and all sorts of prosperous shopping and commercial enterprise show how 200,000 people do business today. After ten hours' visit in Smyrna, we are on shipboard for the Dardanelles.

To see the vessel piloted through the "Narrows" we must rise early. A sunrise over the Asiatic hills in these straits with Europe to the left and west and Asia on the east, furnishes a memorable picture. Nature and man, science and invention, commerce and religion form a constant kaleidoscope by which we are entertained to the point of reverence, wonder, gratitude and hope. The afternoon brings us in sight of Constantinople. From the deck we study in advance the mosques against the horizon, We turn our glasses on the Golden Horn. Almost as interesting as the minarets of the mosques, is the sight of Dog Island which we pass on entering the city. Here we are told, 170,000 dogs were banished, first to be fed and later to die and to be cast into the sea. There is now scarcely a dog to be seen in the streets of Constantinople where, a few years ago, they were almost as thick as the fleas in Cairo.

Riding into the harbor, we turn our glass upon Scutari, the Asiatic side of Constantinople. Galata and Pera appear on the right of the Golden Horn, which is

an arm into the sea into which our vessel slowly glides. Our ship is welcomed by an army of red caps, the "fez brigade" of porters, boatmen, committees and venders, who crowd about our ship. We are first huddled in the custom house to await the presentation of our passports, which formality is soon over. Thus far our soldiers, clerks and foreign officers have caused us little if any delay at these customs stations.

Constantinople is now the civic head and ecclesiastical heart of the Turkish Empire. It is the "City of Constantine," named after him because, on the conquest of his enemies in Italy, he chose to make this "city on her seven hills" the new Rome and capital of the Roman Empire. Three hundred years after the death of Christ, this now wonderful city of one and a quarter million inhabitants became the metropolis of the Christian Church. The Greek Catholic Church first had equal sway with the Latin Church. Saint Sophia, now the most gorgeous mosque of the world, was once a Christian church and was built to represent "divine wisdom." It is the glory of old Stamboul, as Saint Peter's is the coronet of Papal Rome. Justinian enlarged it thirteen hundred years ago and was so elated by its finished splendor that he exclaimed, "O Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" It was completed about 500 A. D. at the cost of $60,000,000. On the west door, is the inscription, "I am the door," in memory of Christ's words. The erection of this building marks the division of the Greek and Latin bodies. A part of the ground on which this gorgeous mosque now stands was bought from a woman named Ann, only on condition that she might be buried beneath the structure. Her request was granted.

In 1357 A. D., Mahomet II captured all Constantinople and changed this Christian monument to a mosque, since which it has been used as a place of Mohammedan display. The cross and other emblems of Christianity have largely been effaced, though some of them still remain to be seen upon the walls. Constantinople is the only city in the world that occupies parts of two continents. The Strait of Bosporus, a great and natural waterway, divides Asia and Europe and connects the Black and Marmora Seas. This wonderful city is built on both sides of the Bosporus; the European city being divided by the Golden Horn into Stamboul on the south and Galata and Pera on the north. Stamboul is the purely Turkish city with its Moslem mosques and Turkish homes and shops. The other is the European section of business and residences more modern. The Golden Horn is bridged in a modern way and a most modern street-car system connects these two portions of Constantinople. Scutari, the Asiatic portion across the Bosporous, combines the character of both the other divisions of the city. This is where the recently exiled Sultan lives in a palace by the water's edge, though no strangers ever see him since the young Turkish party dethroned him in the revolution a few years ago. After the Sultan's residence was destroyed by fire nearly half a century since, the Turkish sovereigns have removed their palaces to the shores of the Bosporus on the Galata side. Modern improvements have broken down the old city wall at Seraglio Point where the Sultan's palace used to stand, and the old fort has become an attractive park, rivaling in beauty those of European cities. The new government has become quite modern and has rid the city, not only of the street

Soldiers near Sultan's Palace.
The Sultan going to Weekly Prayers at Mosque.

Scene on Bosporus, Constantinople.

dogs, but of many other offensive features of Oriental city life.

On the Stamboul side, the mosques are numerous and their minarets pierce the sky and adorn the city from every point of view. Running through Stamboul is seen the remains of great aqueduct of Valens, twenty feet broad and in some places fifty feet high, with varied and winged old arches and towers. On every hand throughout the Turkish quarter are the old latticed or barred windows. These have been built manifestly to protect their women from being seen. The veils worn by the Moslem women on the street serve the same purpose. Woman is discounted in all the empire of Moslem and women are not much in evidence on the streets or in the shops. Paint on the houses is regarded as a sign of prosperity and is heavily taxed by the government; so many of these city houses are without paint and show a most dilapidated condition outside. The reason is to be found in the fact that is is cheaper, in the present administration, to permit the houses to go unpainted and weather-beaten. In many parts of the city, there is revealed much modern enterprise. Donkeys for burden bearing, are being displaced by the ox-carts, of which there are many in the streets. Under present conditions, the horse and automobile are getting ahead and the street-car system is a most up-to-date affair. Even the pigeon that used to abound has been frowned on by the modern Turk. Better still, ancient walls are being torn down and neglected grounds transformed into beautiful parks.

But in all this marked improvement of recent years, there are no schools worth the name. There are no playgrounds for the children or the public. The Turk does

not care for amusement and games. Active sports are not a part of his program. His greatest pleasure is "keyeff" which has been translated "sweet idleness." The men sit round the tables, smoke their long pipes, drink water and wine, play dice, etc., as they while away the hours in quiet story-telling or dreaming meditation. Their universal belief in fate or "kismet" makes them submit to misfortune as the inevitable will of Allah. They are not distressed over any loss and are not given to suicide or despair. To the casual tourist, the Turk does not seem to be a fierce and warlike fellow, as many suppose. A polite and hospitable gentleman, he certainly never seems to be in a hurry nor greatly given to enterprise; although in the latter respect, there is a marked advance over the old regime since Mahmud V., the present Sultan and brother of the former one, took control of the palace. While the present Turkish government really retains Adrianople and other cities lost by battle, it is the opinion of many that the results of dealing out the territory to the various kingdoms, following the recent Balkan war, is proof of the stronger political force of Germany and other European powers, rather than a show of justice to either Greece or Bulgaria.

It was our fortune to reach Constantinople at the opening of Parliament and to be in the city on Friday to see the sultan making his weekly parade to the mosque for prayers. It is a great sight when, with martial music, if such their band noise may be called, the gaudily arrayed soldiers in varied uniforms of white, blue and gray, the cavalry with flags, the guards on foot and horseback, accompany the aged ruler of the Moslem Empire in his

carriage drawn by black Arabian steeds from the palace gate to the mosque.

These Turkish soldiers receive about penny a-day and their living, while their sultan ruler receives his millions to maintain a royal palace, the dignity of his sultanship and to protect his life, which he seems to be in constant dread of losing. Of course the visitor is shown the tomb of MahometII., who took the city at the battle of Plevna in 1453 A. D. Here also we find the model of Mecca's greatest mosque with seven minarets and the central "Stone of Mohammed," probably a black aerolite found somewhere. The great mosque of Achmet, gorgeous with six minarets instead of two or four, is the place where the sultan and members of court appear on state occasions. The sultan's gallery is ceiled with rosewood. Near-by is the Stamboul cemetery noted for the distinct and separate style of tombstones for men and women.

Hippodrome square with its column of stone, built perhaps as the pride of some early ruler, contains the "Serpentine Column" with its bronze monument, peculiar and famous beyond anything in the open parks of the whole city. In this same square is the conspicuous obelisk from Heliopolis, Egypt, with its Egyptian emblems and granite foundation eight feet under the street level, but all enclosed by an iron fence.

The Mosque of Saint Sophia before referred to, with its inscriptions, its borrowed columns, its imported decorations, its partially effaced Christian emblems, its inlaid gold work, its exquisite and unequalled dome, one hundred twenty feet broad and yet so flat as to be a wonder of archhitecture, is a day's study in itself; for it

is a combination of cathedral, mosque, and art museum. No wonder that opposite this church, Justinian erected the statue of King Solomon, bearing a grieved expression occasioned by the superiority of this temple when compared with his own in Jerusalem. It is a rare privilege to stand in front of the great west door, to study the fish tablets which remain as emblems and the great altar which marks the separation of the western and eastern Catholic Churches. The structure is the triumph of Constantine and Justinian and also the selfish monument of Mahomet II., the Moslem conqueror. The Christian must be pardoned for feeling sad over the fact that the Crescent should conquer and, for five hundred years, hold sway over the Cross. But would it have been so if Christianity had remained pure? We pass the question to our reader. Or was it that the place of temple and conquest might not be unduly glorified? Solomon's temple at Jerusalem and Justinian's church in Constantine's city have both been leveled, marred, abused or degraded to turn the eye of worship to the invisible Christ, who is glorious above the sun, more dazzling than the gold of Ophir, and more precious to the one who believes than the jewels of kings.

The church of Saint Irene, called the "Peace Church" is now transformed into a museum of war. Think of it! Here there are the mementoes of Turkish warfare in every age. All kinds of war weapons are here exhibited, from the rudest to the most modern gun, from the battle-ax and coat-of-mail to the great chain hung across the Golden Horn in 1453, when Mahomet II. lifted his ships over the hill and let them down on skids inside. Sample flags and souvenirs of conquering Mohammedans are dis-

played. Every type of soldier's clothing of cavalry and infantry is illustrated. All forms of Moslem priests with their garbs and ceremonies are represented. A museum of Turkish and Christian cruelty may here be seen in the "Christian Church of Peace." Forsooth, shall it be? One day, the King of Peace will smite it all and obliterate this too with a touch of His hand; for even the cross within is not wholly obscured by the great flag and Turkish emblems of war. Maybe it will be a Church of Peace by and by and "Peace Day" may yet triumph above the din of battles.

The museum in Stamboul contains the most beautiful sarcophagus in the world. All agree that this is the "Sarcophagus of Alexander" taken from Sidon some twenty-eight years ago, with many others including that of the "Weeping Women." The "Alexander" is noted for the delicate carving in marble, all wrought from the solid block. There are carved about this marvelous monument to the dead, scenes of war and strenuous figures of horsemen and soldiers in action; perhaps an attempt to reproduce Alexander's battles. Lions are boldly carved on the four corners of this sarcophagus and a dainty lion head is seen in the hair of the hero. This mammoth piece of rare workmanship was made as early as 300 B. C. in the days of Pericles. Twenty-six of these marble caskets were found in the same place and at the same time.

You will pause to study the empty tomb of Tabnit, King of Sidon, as a sample of stone carving. The inscription on it reads, "Disturb me not: I have neither money nor jewels." But in the sarcophagus were discovered both. They were taken and his mummy skeleton

lies under glass near-by.

In the Assyrian room we find a great tablet fifteen feet high with multitudes of stone sculptures, mostly from the third century A. D. There are many royal caskets containing solid figures larger than those on the marble casket of Alexander. Jewelry buried with them was taken out of holes in the stone.

We see in this same museum, the famed "Stone of Cursing" taken from the Court of Gentiles in Herod's temple at Jerusalem. On it is the suggestive inscription: "Who goes beyond this barrier will be responsible for his death, which will surely follow," reminding us of the Bible warning, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Vases and cups of all sultans from 1453 to 1876 are arranged in striking contrast. Gaze upon seals on cylinders in use by kings from 2500 B. C. to 300 A. D. Think of it! Letters baked in clay, belonging to the most ancient days of recorded history, are to be studied in this collection.

But Stamboul must be resigned for a visit to Scutari on the Asiatic side of the Bosporous. We will spend an hour with the howling dervishes. This is one of a respectable sect of the Moslem faith. There are also the dancing devishes, whose ceremonies are similar and equally shocking. No cloak of charity or admission of their sincerity can avert the pity and disgust with which I refer to an hour in this place of religious nonsense and pagan worship. The room is twenty-five feet square. There are, perhaps, a score of men engaged in the "ceremony" for it is not a "service"; unless they serve themselves for the revenue made out of the fees which are scrupulously charged for admission to this show of stupid religious fervor. To us, it is "will worship" and idolatry

of the blindest sort and worthy the rebuke which our Holy Scripture gives to "vain repetitions." Their hideous music, their waving bodies and gestures, their monotonous groans and grunts, their ceremonial treading upon children, their sacrilegious if not cruel performances in the name of religious worship, are a reproach to holy things and a shame upon modern civilization. Leaving this shocking ceremony of the Dervishes, I felt like writing, "farewell, idolatrous and degenerate Asiao the Lord have mercy and hasten deliverance!"

On the hill is the great Moslem cemetery with its thousands upon thousands of neglected and dilapidated tombstones and great grove of cypress trees. This is the largest graveyard of the world and marks Scutari as a Moslem center indeed.

The streets of the city are clean, in marked contrast with the cities of Syria; but the ideals of the people are by no means being exalted to the level of western or European civilization, to say nothing about those of Bible Christianity. The people are a heterogeneous group of all nationalities. Business enterprise is slowly amalgating the people. We picked up an advertising dodger on the street, printed for business reasons in five different languages. If the enthusiasm of English or Yankee salesmen may be joined with the uplifting hand of the Christian missionary or even with the revolutions of war, to supplant the degrading customs and their selfish religion, a better day will dawn for the Mohammedan Orient. I leave this Moslem country with the burning wish that the few good things about the Mohammedan faith may be speedily absorbed into the excellencies of western learning and the Christian religion.

A dreadful fatalism pervades all Moslem thought. Moral responsibility and freedom of action are excluded; hence, their religion permits no conception of sin or place for atonement. Every thing is as God willed it. The religion as Mohammed is sensual and never spiritual. Its worship is mere form. The character of the Moslem, like that of the Allah he worships, is despotic, cruel, treacherous and dishonest. Moral decay is common to all Moslem lands. Dr. E. F. Freese, for years resident missionary in Algiers and well posted on conditions, says: "The moral rottenness of Islam cannot be exaggerated. Teaching that a lie is no wrong in war, in trade, or to a woman, the average Moslem easily becomes an expert liar." Its ideas of heaven and hell are directly the opposite of the teachings of the New Testament.

The Turkish government is as weak as the Moslem religion is imperfect. On excursion boats and in public places, boxes are patriotically passed for collections to replenish and support the Turkish navy. The popular and governmental disregard of women is not merely un-Christian, it is barbarous. The want of public schools is a shame to civilization. Its religion with nine commandments, is only a travesty on that of Moses and Christ. Its superstitions and records are as ragged crape on the sepulcher of love.

Ancient Roman Bridge over Dog River, Beirut, Syria.

Gipsy Row in Sofia, Bulgaria.

XV.

THROUGH THE BALKANS

A THOUSAND mile journey through the Balkans is not a common trip even among tourists. The interest in the Balkan kingdoms has grown intense in the last few years. A correct map of European Turkey, Roumania, Greece, Servia, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Montenegro, Albania and Austria Hungary must be quite recent if at all reliable. Since the final allotment of the "powers" the border lines have been erased. Turkey is much smaller than she used to be. She will yet be driven wholly from Europe.

Our little party are well located in compartments of the train running from Constantinople to Budapest, Vienna and Fiume. The railroads in Europe are owned by the several governments through which they pass. Close inspection of the passports of travelers causes some delay. Armed soldiers do duty at the railroad stations and especially at border points between the little kingdoms; for these nations are rivals of one another and are slow to accept each other's issue of money. They have very different dialects as well as distinct religious customs and personal costumes. In the temporary absence of our conductor at the station, armed officers approached our party and, in a foreign tongue, insisted on our revealing

why we were standing around, what we were doing in their country and where we were going.

Having passed Adrianople, we soon leave the Turk behind us and meet evidences of Bulgarian thrift in the home and in the field. Their land is varied by beautiful contrasts of plain, stream, trees and snow-crowned mountains; there are herds of the finest cattle and sheep. Their methods of farming are much belated, but are far superior to those of the antiquated Turkish Empire. Mosques disappear. Many facts betoken a national patriotism and Christian conscience. The Lord's Day is very generally observed in country and village by the cessation of all work in garden, street and field. There are no fences, either of stone, wood or hedge, in the agricultural regions. No farm houses appear. Each flock has its herdsman, who is very likely an old man. At the time of our passing, May 15th, the spring is backward and crops are not well started. Ownership is marked by the non-plowing of the narrow strips between land holders. The people of Bulgaria and Servia do not reside on their land, but keep to the villages, which seem quite far apart. The corrals for flocks appear in sight between villages. The roads are finely macadamized, though not numerous and only in main directions from city to city or between villages and the natural highways. By the side of the streams appear old-fashioned water-wheels, many of which have long been in disuse. Our train passes a Sunday parade of gaily dressed Bulgarian women with great heavy hoes upon their shoulders. These implements are the emblems of field and garden toil; their bearers seem to say, "We can conquer these fields ourselves, while our men go to war in defense of our homes." The type of

At Railway Station in Bulgaria, near Sofia.

Marching Soldiers near the Kalemegdan Park, Belgrade.

Monument of Black George, Belgrade.

Looking at the Danube from the Fort in Belgrade, bombarded. at opening of the War between Austria and Servia.

character varies as we pass from one section to another. This is indicated by the garb of the people and the extent and nature of the cultivation of the fields. The women of these countries, especially on the bounds of Servia, are field workers and outnumber the men at the hoe handle and plow two to one. Farm machinery is not plentiful. Oxen are far more numerous than horses except in the city, where the latter are used for transportation.

We spent some days in Sofia, the capital. The czar is a Roman Catholic; the prince, Boris, is an orthodox of the Greek Christian Church; and the czarina, or queen, is a Protestant. The government is therefore broad in granting religious liberty to all. This city is noted for its clean and perfectly paved streets. Its parks are ideal and its hotels the very best we have found. Enterprise and progress are seen in its modern school buildings. In no other city have we seen such a gorgeous Christian temple as is now being completed. This church cost a million and a quarter dollars in American money and is built as the pride of the nation. The entire interior, including walls, ceiling, naves, transepts and windows and doors are adorned with paintings of Scripture and church history by the very finest artists of Bulgaria and Russia. Nothing is to be found more striking in style, even in Venice, Florence or Rome.

Parliament is just in session and through an influential friend, and English land-holder, we are permitted to spend some time in the capitol hearing an address by a former president, Dr. Daniff of the London Peace Commission. His subject is "Who is responsible for the recent Balkan wars and what is the outcome?" It is a great speech, though we could only interpret its meaning

and effect by the faces of the audience. A thousand people, most of them men, crown the galleries and enthusiasm is intense; for it will not be forgotten that Bulgarians are quite bitter over their treatment in the diplomatic adjustment of the boundaries. They won out on the battlefield against the Turks but had to cede back much of the territory gained by the price of their blood. Now they are compelled to admit to seats in their Parliament, at least a dozen red-capped Turkish representatives of a people whom they despise, both religiously and racially. If the little kingdoms in the Balkan region could unite, they would be better off and the world would feel the force of their influence. But in view of the racial divisions of the people, such a consumation seems very remote. At present the charity of the Protestant people in Bulgaria and also that of the government is burdened with thousands of refugees driven from their homes by war and prevented from returning to Grecian domain unless they yield their national spirit and loyalty, which they refuse to do. We find them herded in buildings like sheep, six families, twenty-eight persons in all, living in one room twenty-five by thirty feet, sleeping on mats on the floor and subsisting, nobody knows how. But these are incidental fruits of the Balkan war. War is a horrible octopus, every arm of which is far reaching and distributes poison and death, pain and suffering.

At Sofia our little party, so kindly welcomed by the city, is broken up by illness and death; for it is here that our conductor's wife was taken ill. The discovery of malignant small-pox in a great hotel after a tourist party has been feted and welcomed for several days, is likely

to produce consternation among the employees. The result is such a quarantine of members of the party as to make an event of startling interest to us and to the whole city. It becomes an occasion to test character and try faith. But God guides and overrules in the emergencies of travel as in all other issues of life. In this case we found the Christian missionaries residing in Sofia more than equal to the demands. No better class of people are to be found in the Orient than the heroic men and women who wait to bear the burdens and suffer the deep deprivations caused by sickness and disaster. The venerable Dr. Clark of the Congregational Church, the Rev. Dr. Elmer E. Count of the Methodist Episcopal Mission and the Rev. Mr. Holiday of the American Board with their families and associates are choice examples of the true missionary under all circumstances which test men's faith and try their souls. The progress of the schools and the promotion of revivals, the support of philanthropies and the care for the suffering all prove the invaluable worth of a pure Gospel life and enterprise where it is most needed. The pure social atmosphere of these missionary oases inspires the tourist and makes him wish to pause in his travels. It was gratefully appreciated that in the sickness of Mrs. Allen, resulting in a lonely quarantine death, the queen herself should join our missionaries in rendering every possible kindness and help and thus prove the value of the true Christian spirit which, in bearing another's burdens in Christ's name, makes all the world akin. The death of one whom we had been pleased to call the "queen" of the party is a stunning affliction to our conductor and a grief to us all; but, strengthened by faith in the divine

Father and aided by good fortune, we are permitted to pursue our journey and later are reunited.

Belgrade, the capital of Servia, has a king and palace but a poorer peasant class of subjects. But the national pride is seen in the record of their heroes and in the preservation of their forts. The great Danube river flows by and the palace of their king is indeed a credit to the prosperous little city where he lives. It was here in 1907 that King Alexander and Queen Draga were slain in a way that reminds us of Huerta's regime and the assassination of President Madero in Mexico.

Belgrade is the city on the Danube where the European world-wide war began. Our days of sojourn here gave us a most favorable insight into the soldier life and civic pride of the Servians. The monument of Black George the Conqueror, in Kalemegdan Park is cherished and preserved in highest honor by the whole populace. While there were no signs of outbreak when we passed through, some of us felt that there were indications of a volcano. Martial music and the moving of soldiers, the stressing of patriotic sentiments and the suspicion with which foreigners were regarded, pointed to a slumbering fear of the nations roundabout. When members of our party crossed the Save and Danube to Semlin in Hungary they were denied landing because without passports; and returning, this excursion party were refused for a time, re-landing at Belgrade. When we arrived in the city a soldier halted us until full explanations were given and we were then allowed after most careful inspectoin, to pass the porters. The old brick fort near the park, which enabled this people to defeat Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, did not present a formidable appear-

ance and it is no wonder that Austrian guns have reduced it and compelled the surrender of the city.

Our train has barely crossed the bridge into the Hungarian kingdom, when all baggage must be carried into the customs house and our passports carefuly examined before we proceed. One passenger must be left behind because his passport has expired. During the day's ride across Austria Hungary, we are deeply interested in its great plains and unprecedented herds of fine cattle, hogs, horses, geese and ducks. Signs of unusual prosperity now appear. The people seem more thrifty than any in eastern Europe. The homes, both of village and country, are larger and more inviting than those of Servia or Bulgaria. It is not surprising thatAustria Hungary supports comfortably 20,000,000 people. Churches neatly painted and well located are seen in all villages. The white mortared houses and the tiled and thatched roofed dwellings seem clean and spotless outside and within. Vivid colors mark the dress of the people. Peasant women of Agram wear snowy linen skirts even when at work in the fields; while white trousers are common among the men. Purple or white head-dresses are very conspicuous, and in the summer season men and women, as well as children, go barefoot. The railroads inspire the utmost confidence. Trainmen are beautifully uniformed; and at every grade crossing in country and village, there is a signal man and gatekeeper who fixes the gate for every train and opens it when danger is past. The best ballasted road, protecting blocks, careful watchmen, overhead bridges where needed, as well as train comforts for passengers, teach

some important lessons to Americans who too often magnify speed at the expense of safety.

The approach to the Adriatic Sea through the Dalmatian Alps is unsurpassed even in America. The beautiful green terraced fields mingle with rocks and waterfalls. The perfect pine forests like symetrical and tapering church spires, the towering but wavering mountain outlines, the blossoming flowers and orchards in garden and on hillside, all crowned with ideal sunshine, afford us a day of rest and delight. The panorama is one which thrills a stranger with gladness never to be forgotten. The long dreaded railroad tour of a thousand miles, though lacking in luxury, has been very eventful and attended with sights most refreshing and restful. I wish I could join with a hundred of my friends in renewing this trip, especially through the Dalmatian mountains.

Now the sea comes in sight. We are nearing Fiume. Winding down the mountains, we clap our hands in ecstasy at the sight of the blue waters of the Adriatic sea and the glorious sunset of the western sky. Our steamer is waiting in the port of Fiume to carry us to Venice. A quiet night' s rest with pleasant memories and we shall wake in the sight of the beautiful city "Whose streets are water and whose vehicles are boats."

XVI.

VENICE AND FLORENCE

THE tourist who enters Venice by steamer in the early morning is strangely impressed with his unique surroundings. He will be landed, not by the usual small boat, but by means of a gondola rowed by one boatman with a single oar, which is slowly worked by the man who stands on the stern of his little craft. The few passengers soon come to believe that by-and-by they will safely arrive somewhere. There is no other mode of travel in Venice except by foot. There are no carriages or beasts of burden of any sort. With difficulty men wheel carts and carry loads over the arched bridges, three hundred of which are said to span the canals which thread the city. Let the gondola man take your hand and help you up the submerged steps to the door of your hotel; watch your step. Most of the hotels and business houses of this water-girt city face upon the water. There are many thousands of these gondoliers who ply their art in doing both passenger and freight traffic in the city.

Venice was founded on a hundred islands about 500 B. C. The Rialto is the most famous bridge and for centuries was the only bridge that crossed the Grand Canal. It is a relic of the early glory of Venice. Its huge

arch is entirely of marble, is one hundred fifty feet long, cost half a milloin dollars and is said to rest on twelve thousand trunks of elm trees. This bridge, like many of the architectural ancient landmarks, is weather-beaten and shows the finger marks of time. Yet all is facinating because around it clusters the charm of the history which crowds one's thoughts as he walks through these ancient streets. There is even a special charm about our hotel because it is said to have once been a palace, though used as a public house for tourists for the past five hundred years.

One is scarcely located in his room till he is off for a jaunt through the streets. These wind about very irregularly and are very narrow, often from four to eight feet wide; but they are kept clean though they are dark and apparently unhealthy. The Grand Canal is the princely avenue of this famous city, which is lined with churches, palaces, hotels and splendid dwellings. When first built, Venice was the link between Europe and Asia and controlled the commerce of the world. The first bank deposit was established here. Venice boasts the first printing of books in Italy. The first newspaper was issued and sold in this city for a "gazetta" from which comes the word "gazette" so common today. A boat ride in the moonlight with Italian singers aboard; a seventy instrument band concert in Saint Mark's square in the evening with ten thousand people for an audience; or a journey by daylight to the parks, art galleries and busy shops will furnish restful entertainment for every available hour. All other cities resemble one another. Venice is like itself alone. It is the quietest city of great size you were ever in. It is indeed the "city of silence." If the gondoliers would

Feeding the Pigeons in St. Mark's Square, Venice.

Gondolas and Rialto Bridge, Venice.

Rialto Bridge, Venice.

Piazetta Pillars in Venice.

lower their tones, you could sleep all hours of the twenty-four so far as noise is concerned. Venice has its "Bridge of Sighs" near which there are modern prisoners still, and over which thousands have passed to their doom of execution in the dungeon which they still show travelers to remind them of the cruel age of the Doges, who occupied the palace near-by. The industries of glass and lace manufacture, fishing, etc., will assure you again and again that these are not an idle or beggarly class of Italians. They are proud of their city and have a right to be. They are intelligent and industrious and seem to be a superior type of people, in contrast with the southern Italians so often found on the immigrant ship.

Every traveler takes an early morning stroll to see Saint Mark's Square which occupies an acre, well paved and facing palaces and shops on three sides, with Saint Mark's church on the fourth side of the square, which includes the tower clock and the bell tower known as the Campanile. The tower and cathedral are not attractive enough to hasten us in our morning walk through the flocks of pigeons that gather upon the pavement to be fed and coddled by the travelers and natives who delight to pet them. The Ducal palace and Saint Mark's are worthy of a long visit. The cathedral is eight hundred years old and is a sort of Christian mosque. Its mosaics of glass and gold cover nearly forty- six thousand square feet. This is called the "Church of Gold." Above its door are the four great bronze horses that were once in Rome, then in Constantinople, again in Paris and now back again in Venice to stay as the guests of the city perhaps to the end of time. As we enter the church of Saint

Mark's we pause before the alabaster columns, some of which were taken from Solomon's Temple and others from Jerusalem and Athens. We gaze upon the statues of the twelve apostles and the Virgin, and mark the gorgeous decorations of a thousand years. There are signs of decay within and without. They seem to speak in the voices of the past and bring back the forms of noble Venetians who have gone in and out over these magnificent marble stairways.

A separate volume would be required fitly to describe the art treasures of the Ducal Palace alone. Tintoretto's "Paradise," the largest oil painting in the world, seventy feet long and about twenty-five feet high, is seen here above the throne of the Doges. It was completed by the artist when he was eighty years old. If you join our party today as we walk through the art galleries of the Doges' Palace, you will probably not forget the stairway where the Doges were crowned in the days of their glory. Many of the art treasures will be passed by or forgotten as you note the "black letter box" in the wall, and descend to the prison and see the place of execution where human blood ran fresh and strong in the days of inquisition. The great iron bars of the windows spelled despair for all who passed over the "Bridge of Sighs." Here we are told are more than two hundred modern criminals who are waiting a more humane closing of their career.

In the afternoon we shall find ourselves in the Academy of Art, studying the paintings which are the attraction of artists the world over. Most famous among these, and copied the oftenest perhaps, is "The Annunciation" or glorification of the Virgin among the angels. Here is an example of the finest art of the day when it

was made. As a work of art, it would be foolish to find fault with it; but in company with many other visitors I can but faithfully record a protest against the foolish and un-Scriptural thought that has been wrought out by the skilled brush. Many of the great artists in their efforts to portray the religious beliefs of the age in which they lived, simply reproduced their own prejudices. Art is thus made to contribute to bigotry rather than to truth.

Wearied with the bewildering display of art, we will rest ourselves with a boat ride around the Grand Canal and a walk through the public gardens. The Italian sunshine gilds the marble columns, the garden trees and flowers with a glory with which no artist can compete. The paradise above may be more beautiful and the eternal days more restful; but it is doubtful whether, in this world, may be found such a union of famous art and natural beauty as charm the tourist in a visit to this city by the sea, "Venice, the Only," There is not another city like thee.

Venice is a good preparation for a visit to Florence. This attractive city of 230,000 inhabitants is not only a monument of modern enterprise, but the chief sanctuary of Italian painting and sculpture. No tourist in Europe can afford to miss Florence. Michael Angelo made it famous with his chisel; Savonarola made it sacred with his martyrdom. It is a "beacon light" of medieval history.

We left our Hotel Luna in Venice for our railway station in a gondola. The time-table says our train leaves the station at 14:40 and arrives at Florence 23:20, forty minutes before midnight. Reserved apartments give us a smokeless or "non fumier" ride to Bologna where we

change cars after a fine restaurant dinner where our party of sixteen thirsty prohibitionists sit down to a well-laden table burdened with just one hundred eight generous bottles of wine and liquors. For more reasons than one, we dare not fall in with the fashion of our Italian friends on this memorable occasion. Having escaped the enticements of Bacchus, we feast our eyes on well cultivated vineyards, prevented however, from watching landscapes, because of the concealment of night and our passage through forty-eight tunnels.

The streets and all modern improvements are so thoroughly wrought as to command an American's deepest confidence and respect. The ghosts of poets, artists, ecclesiastics and statesmen seem to confront you as you pass through the streets or sit in meditation at the window of your hotel. This is the home of Dante, once driven from the town but now honored by a monument which calls him "the supreme poet." Florence hanged and burned Savonarola in the public square A. D. 1498, and now asks the world to honor the spot which is marked by a bronze disc near the old palace of the Medici. Galileo the astronomer, whose tomb now graces the church of Saint Croce, was scoffed by his fellow citizens and banished from their company as a crank. How a few centuries change the reputation of the hero, the artist, the reformer! This age rejects the faithful servant: the future crowns the martyr.

After the downfall of Rome and the gloom of the dark ages had passed, the light of Italian art and literature shone brightest in Florence. Today it is a beautiful modern city well sheltered and surrounded by vine-clad hills. The river Arno flows through its sacred precincts

as it has done for the past six centuries which cover the main epoch of this famous resort. Its galleries, palaces and churches contain the chief exhibit of Roman Catholic art on canvas and in marble. It has a religious rather than a civic history; its famous men of genius and religion have made it what it is. One cannot know religious life or art in Italy from original sources until he has studied the treasures of Florence. The plan of these pages forbids my giving more than a traveler's hasty glimpse of features that entertain and instruct.

It is a pleasing education to spend one's first hours with a competent guide in the galleries of Uffizi and Pitti. Before entering these treasure-houses of art, we are shown the Vecchio, with Neptune fountain in front. Nothing equal to this great bronze exhibit of sea deities can be found. It has been the adornment of this open court for almost four centuries. Near it and in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, we reverently gaze upon the spot, doubtless historic, where Savonarola was burned in presence of the multitudes because he would not retract his utterances against the Papal religion. Standing thus in front of the old town hall whose walls were once reddened by the flame which consumed this hero and echoed the curses of the crowd who glorified in his agony and defeat, we could but thank God for the triumph of the reformer after these centuries have reversed the verdict of his accusers.

Close to the Grand Palazzo and on the other side of the square, is the celebrated "Portico of the Lancers," so called because the Duke's spearmen were once stationed here beside the palace. Michael Angelo planned this piazza, of which Lorenzo de Medici said, "Nothing finer

can possibly be invented." This loggia is now used to shelter rare works of art. Among the master pieces here are "Perseus holding up the head of the monster Medusa" and the marble group of John of Bologna, entitled "The Rape of the Sabines." This is really an unparalleled outdoor street exhibit of statuary.

My journal record permits only the mere mention of certain pieces of art in the Uffizi gallery, all of which are of untold value because of their authorship and some are of unmeasured merit. Reference is made to only a few of these which most impressed the writer. The "Death of Adonis" by a pupil of Michael Angelo; "The Adoration of the Child by the Wise Men" by Giorgione; "The Annunciation" by Leonardi de Vinci; "The Birth of Venus on Shell" by Botticelli; Fra Angelico's "Madonna and Child"; "The Knife Grinder" by an unknown sculptor; Correggio's "Adoring the Child"; "Raphael's "Madonna of the Gold Finch"; Ruben's unfinished "King of France"; "The Boar Hunt" by Snyder; the inlaid tables, the work of twenty-two men for twenty-five years at a cost of half a million francs, with natural stone for every variety of color: these are but a few in the wilderness of attractions which we must soon leave for a walk through the old Florentine bridge called Ponte Vecchio. This long passageway from the Uffizi on the one side of the Arno to the Pitti palace on the other, is practically a public street adorned with works of art, and made famous by poets and historians of all the world.

The Hall of Saturn in the Pitti Palace, which still is used as a residence of the king and queen when they visit Florence, is in itself a most wonderful house of art treasures. One writer has said that "If Europe should

lose every gallery of art save this, it would still be rich." The floors are of the finest inlaid material. Tables of mosaic, malachite, gold and silver at fabulous cost confront us. You are bewildered with the elaborately decorated walls, the gorgeous roof and sculptured marble statues. Among the sweetest and most attractive works of art are Raphael's unequalled painting, familiar the world over, "The Madonna of the Chair" and Carlo's "Magdalene."

But we have only a few days instead of weeks in this city. We hasten later to the Monastery of Saint Mark's where we tarry in the refectory or dining-room of the monks. Chief among the attractions of this resort are Fra Angelico's paintings. He is called the "Angel Brother" because of his painting of angels and angels' faces. They are chiefly interpretations of the Madonna and the crucifixion. Here again I am compelled to raise the question for others to answer whether a different type of spiritual life from that represented by the monks of this age, would not have given a different interpretation of both truth and fancy when transferred to canvas.

We will visit the monks' cells where they wrote, slept, looked out of narrow windows and meditated in their dreary days of confinement. Here is the very bedroom of Savonarola, with his desk and chair. We will sacredly touch them and wish we might take them for relics. As there is little doubt about their genuineness, they command our veneration for the sake of the man who used them. Here is some burnt wood, the smoke of which choked our hero before his martydom. We seem to hear him speak as his voice thundered, "Be brave, ye have

work to do. Don't drift." This holy reformer's footprints we tread with reverence.

But we pass into the academy which now shelters Michael Angelo's immortal statue of David. The story bears repeating, of how a rejected block of marble lying unused for fifty years was admired by this genius, who seized his chisel and enthusiastically carved the statue which is the pride of the city and the crown of all sculpture. This Bible character of David with the pebble in his hand commissioned to kill Goliath, stands erect, eighteen feet high. The look of faith and courage, the historic sling and the confident purpose of this Bible hero chiseled in marble, rendered the artist as immortal as King David himself. The completion of this statue was so eventful in Florence that for manny years they reckoned the events of history as happening so long "after the completion of the David." For many years it stood in the open court of the city. The original, now sheltered in the academy, has many imitations but no equal. It is sufficient to lift its author to the first place among the sculptors of all history. Fra Angelico's "Last Judgment" is worth a long study and starts fresh comment upon the Scripture statements of our Lord.

In the afternoon we will visit the court of the National Museum, or the Loggia of Bargello. This was used as a prison till 1864. Here are found war relics, coats-of-mail, a ten-inch gun decorated for the sake of art rather than utility, and a vast variety of absurd ideas of war in contrast with the progressive thought of our day. The old staircase is being copied by artists from various parts of the world who make long journeys to this court as to a school of rarest value. But we must

Trajan Arch, near Forum, Rome.

Round Temple, Rome.

pass out through the rain, and in spite of the storm, visit Dante's old birthplace. The Battistero or Baptistry with its great bronze doors, of which it has been said they were "good enough for paradise," has enough work and display of artistic skill to challenge days of study. The Duomo is the giant cathedral of Brunelleschi. Its gateway, corridors and internal architecture, illuminated only by candles, are majestic beyond description; but the dome which rises as the crown of the building is the superior of all other domes, unless it be that of Saint Peter's at Rome. Near-by is the graceful shaft of Giotto's Campanile. This is the most striking, most graceful and tallest monument of Gothic architecture in all Italy.

Every eager traveler will want to visit the Church of Saint Croce, the Westminister Abbey of Florence. Here are the tombs of many men famed in the history of the city. Michael Angelo's tomb pays tribute to his genius in the statutes of Sculpture, Architecture and Painting. The one bows in sorrow, another weeps, the third holds a brush in pensive mood. Above this monument are paintings from the artist's own hand. Dante's monument is here, although Ravenna has his tomb. The immortal poet was driven from his native city but is here honored above all others of his class. By his monument are statues of two weeping ones, while the third is ready to crown him. I am struck with the inconsistency of placing in this Christian church the monument of Nicolus Machivelli, the famous political deceiver, or champion diplomat, according to Roman and Jesuit policy. He was the author of the famous motto, "The end justifies the means." But I entertain no protest as I stand in the presence of the tomb of Galileo, the great patrician and scientist of Flor-

ence. He is represented as holding a telescope in one hand and, though blind in his last years, seems to have a clear vision of distant things. The big round world is under him, for he has compassed earth and sky.

Continuous rain spoils the reputation of Florence with our party, but we must give it the word of praise for being the best paved and cleanest city of its size we have found in Europe. It is also the cheapest and most desirable city for shopping for an American tourist. Let us take another walk across the bridge of the River Arno, view the city from the heights of Michael Angelo, bid it farewell and hasten to Rome.

Free from the charms of the city, we may rest our eyes upon the summer fields and well grained and grape planted plains, every foot of which seems occupied to advantage. The grape vines are trained on trees planted in regular order for the purpose; for wine making and grape culture are the chief industries of this part of Italy.

XVII.

ROME YESTERDAY AND TODAY

IF you would forget Rome, never enter it; for, as someone has said, "You may take your leave of Rome, but Rome will never take its leave of you." In the old Roman Forum we are shown the point which was thought to be the center of the world. Surely it has been the center of history for more than twenty centuries. The government still keeps a live wolf near the monument of Romulus and Remus, out of respect for the fabled founding of the city many centuries before Christ. No city is such a blend of the ancient and modern, not even Athens. All about the city are evidences of the old Pagan civilization which framed laws when savages were hunted where Paris now stands. Nothing like the Coliseum at Rome exists elsewhere. It transcends all previous imagination and estimate. Not far from this ancient ruin is the yet unfinished and now greatest monument in the world; that of Victor Emanuel II., who, on the 20th of September, 1870, broke down the modern wall now visible and marched down "September Twentieth Street," took possession of the palace and proclaimed Italy united forever. This edifice cost over $5,000,000. It is of colossal proportions and publishes a victory greater than any of ancient days. Garibaldi and Emanuel overlooking the business center of Rome and

the historic Tiber and Saint Peter's seem ready for new conquests and you can almost hear them speak from their statues, the best word of prophecy concerning Italy's glorious future.

Rome bears now the marks of rapid progress. It has grown to over half a million, which is more than thrice its population in the days when Church and State were united under Papal rule. As one drives about the city or rides on the excellent tramway cars, he is surprised at the multiplication of modern business blocks as he is bewildered by the ancient ruins and weather-beaten cathedrals. Perhaps no city in Europe has a better water supply than Rome. The mountain water flows through aqueducts and supplies fountains everywhere; sparkling streams gush from monuments and flow through parks in refreshing splendor. The Italian language seems the universal tongue, but we are not confronted by an army of beggars as in many port cities. You drive to the left instead of to the right on the highways. Customs all about remind one that he is half way between New York and Jerusalem. English speaking clerks abound at the hotels and in most of the shops. An international postal system, express and transportation companies, and all forms of commercial thrift maks it as easy to live in Rome as anywhere. Prices are lower because wages are smaller. Italian laborers and mechanics receive, for the same labor, from one-half to one-third what the same workmen would earn in America. Wages are still lower in southern Italy and Sicily.

If one would see Rome in a few days, he must carry eyes on all sides of his head, looking at once towards art, religion, history, politics and business. He

must watch for buildings that are famous, paintings and busts that are historic. He must listen to guides, bells, guards, drivers and clerks. To see the ecclesiastical past we must visit about fifteen churches, from Saint Peter's the largest in the world, to the Pantheon, which is a cross between a cemetery and a cathedral ruin. Saint Peter's with its past glory and its present prestige, its ashes of the apostle and the bronze statue of Saint Peter so revered by the Latin Church, is the most attractive place for tourists, though not so popular as a place of worship. A responsive service conducted by twenty-two priests showed only ten of the laity of their faith present and perhaps fifty spectators. Of course on state occasions, there are crowds; but a stranger has not far to go in Rome to learn that the masses of the citizens are less interested in the Church and less subservient to her mandates than in former days before the separation of Church and State.

On crossing the Tiber on our approach to Saint Peter's, the tomb of Hadrian or Castle of Saint Angelo is most prominent. We pause first to gaze at the yellow stream whose sands and turbid waters have engulfed such countless treasures and hold the secrets of many a victim of royal or papal tyranny. No longer the mausoleum of Hadrian himself, this tower is called the castle of Saint Angelo from the days of Pope Gregory the Great because the angel Michael is said to have appeared to stay the plague.

The Sistine Chapel adjoining the papal residence forms a part of the Vatican which contains no fewer than a thousand rooms and is the art and library treasure house of classic Rome. On certain days only the public

are admitted. Papal jurisdiction is complete in the Vatican and in Saint John's Lateran Church, in which latter cathedral, they tell us, repose the heads of both Paul and Peter. But I was more interested in visiting the Sancta Scala or "Sacred Stairs" of twenty-eight steps, on which Luther climbed till his conscience, awakened by the voice, caused him to arise with the words, "The just shall live by faith." Here is the birthplace of Protestantism, where Luther began his career as a reformer. The tourist will find the faithful still devoutly climbing the same stairway hoping for relief and rest to their souls.

of a cathedral, is useless as such, being in the suburbs of "Saint Paul's without the walls," though in the form the city; but it is an exquisitely beautiful monument to the great apostle. They say his remains rest beneath the altar. Surely the corridors of eighty magnificent solid marble columns, forty feet high, the strangely entwined mosaic pillars in the cloister court, the lofty Latin cross and the noble architectural facade constitute a majestic tribute to one whose epistles and whose inprisonment have forever made venerable this city of Pauline toil and suffering.

The Maritime prison in another part ofthe city where Paul and Peter and thousands since Nero's reign have been incarcerated, brought fresh meaning to the New Testament words. "I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand." Our party will not soon forget the sad circumstance under which we gathered in this prison where were read to us those final words of the martyr apostle, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at this day: and not to me only,

but unto all them also that love His appearing." Our faithful conductor only a few hours before had received the telegram announcing the unlooked-for death of his wife, who had passed to her crown on the day preceding.

It is an interesting comment upon the modern and ancient religious life of Rome, that the Jesuit Church is one of the richest and most worshipful, and the most largely attended of any church in the city. Protestants have, under the present government, perfect religious liberty where once they were refused recognition by the Church and State, both being controlled by the voice from the Vatican. Saint Peter's with the Vatican and Saint John's Lateran church, the place of the early papal residence, are the only portions of the city now under exclusive control and authority of the Church. No laws of Italy apply in the worship of the Lateran palace. In this old palace of the popes, mass can be celebrated at the high altar only by the Pope or someone appointed to represent him.

The Coliseum, built by the slave labor of myriads of captive Jews, where Christians were once devoured by lions and where gladiators died in deadly combat to satisfy sixty thousand blood-thirsty spectators, is a stupendous ruin. We pass from Paganism to Christianity again when we step from the Coliseum and the great Roman Forum to the church of "Saint Peter's of the Chain." I scarcely know in such transitions, which is the greater, my pity of the paganism of Nero's day, or my disrelish for the superstitions which cluster around the Roman Catholic traditions. They say the chains which actually bound Peter are kept here, and in August of each

year, are brought forth to confirm and promote a superstitious faith.

Turning from the distrust of tradition to the glory of architecture and the beauty of art, we are confronted with the work of Michael Angelo as seen in his original "Moses" to be found in this church. This has indeed no equal in chiseled marble except the majestic "David" in Florence by the same incomparable sculptor.

Every Christian tourist must visit the Catacombs outside the city along the Appian Way. These underground tunnels with their inscriptions and sarcophagi, their emblems and evidences of faith, bring us very close to the real sufferings of heroic Christianity in the third and fourth centuries. How they thrill the soul and instruct us in the simple faith of early primitive religion!

In the Cathedral of Saint John's Lateran, we visit the exhibit of large statues of the apostles with symbolic emblems designating the character of each. Paul bears the "Sword of the Spirit" which is the Word of God open; Matthew treads on an open money bag; Peter has a key in his hand to unlock the gates; Philip, with a cross in hand and his foot on the dragon, reveals victory over beastly passion; Thomas holds a square as if he must know without doubt; Bartholomew displays a skin and knife, for he is said to have been skinned alive; James reads an open Bible; Saint John appears with the eagle; Andrew leans on the cross.

As we have further time, we will visit the pavilion in which is found Guido Reni's "Aurora" or Apollo the sun god in his chariot attended by seven hours in female form. The colors of this famous painting are gorgeous. It is painted upon the ceiling and may be studied by re-

Constantine Arch near Coliseum, Rome.

Appian Way, Rome.

Garibaldi Statue, Rome.

Birds-eye view of Rome from hill near Garibaldi Statue.

flection in a mirror placed upon a center table. This is one of the most attractive pieces of art in all Rome. Strange that this young artist of twenty-six years left behind him little else to perpetuate his fame.

You cannot leave Rome without carrying deep impressions of the view, first and last, of Saint Peter's and the Vatican. These buildings with the open court in front and the obelisk, have been famous for centuries. On this spot Nero persecuted the Christians, pouring oil upon them and burning them alive. Now Christians are safe from tyrany, if not from taxation. The obelisk standing in this geometrical square, when raised here was to be lifted in reverent silence. For some cause it would not come to its place, and at last, one of the workmen cried, "Wet the ropes." It was done and the lofty monolith was anchored to its foundation. The wise mechanic was pardoned for opening his lips to secure the triumph of the work.

The dome of Saint Peter's is obscured by the long facade in front. This unequalled cathedral occupies eighteen thousand square yards and is nearly twice as long as Saint Paul's in London and is equal to two of the Mosque of Saint Sofia. Every one is impressed with the stupendous dimensions of this marvelous court of worship: In it you could hide an army. The old red sandstone and marble pavement is a most historic one, and is not likely to be forgotten by the visitor. Charlemagne knelt here in 1800 to receive the crown which was placed upon his head by the Pope. The Jubilee door in Saint Peter's, opened only once in twenty-five years, will long be remembered. Raphael's "Transfiguration" in mosaic is so fine that one can scarcely believe that it is not a

painting. By the wall stands the dark bronze statue of Saint Peter, whose foot, worn but not defaced by the touch of hand and human lips, has doubtless been kissed by thousands. A halo is about his head, two keys are in his hand, and one finger points upward. Above and about the base of the dome are the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church." Under the great high altar, about six feet below the floor of Saint Peter's is a gold urn said to contain the remains of the great apostle. Two fine alabaster columns four inches thick stand in front; and near-by, at the base of the staircase, Pope Pius VI. is represented kneeling in worship. At least seventy-five candles surround the crypt of the altar where Peter's remains repose. In the side chapel, mass is being said, chants sung and the great organ is accompanied by a choir of musical voices. The confessionals in eleven different languages, with one priest attending each, are here for the accommodation of those who feel their need of the father confessor. The great chair of Peter is being repaired. Pause for a long study of the monument of Alexander VI: Death is coming out of the door and England is under the foot of religion; because, about 1600, the English Church rejected the Papacy. One will not forget the "Last Judgment" by Michael Aneglo as seen in the Sistine Chapel. It is not very attractive in outline or colors and has been draped and retouched by later artists; but it is great and original and only Michael Angelo could have made it. Here also I have noted in my journal, as taking a strong hold upon memory, Raphael's "Saint Jerome" and his "John Baptist." His "Transfiguration" of Christ is the genuine original painting made in 1483-1520 and presents Jesus

on the throne, Mary ruling with Him, and the Holy Spirit as a dove always above the throne. Days are needed for the study of the paintings and statuary to be seen in the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel.

Of course we must look in upon the Capuchian monks where, with fine floral decorations above and strange chanting of priests and monks in the chapel, we are taken to the lower rooms where there are four thousand human skulls, skeletons, etc., piled up in hideous groups reminding us of Ezekiel's vision of "dry bones." Pay your franc and buy five pictures of the five rooms and you have done your religious duty as estimated by these kindly gentlemen who welcome foreigners for the Catholic Church, what the howling dervishes are to the sake of the coin they receive. These men are to the Moslem religion and faith.

The Pantheon with its broadest dome in the world, one hundred and forty-three feet across with equal height and a thirty foot opening through which abundant light, fresh air and rain from the sky descend, is a place for every traveler to visit. Victor Emanuel is buried here; also Raphael the painter and King Humbert. On the door is written as a relic of the Middle Ages, "Indulgences full, sufficient and constant for life and for death." The great pillars of the Pantheon are said to be the "oldest stuff" preserved in Rome.. It is neither a church nor a temple, but the blend of cathedral and ruined mosque. We sign our names on the register and go outside to the round temple and other views, among them the old stone "Mouth of Truth" to which Romans once placed their hand and swore in most sacred form by their pagan gods.

We have barely time for a glimpse of the church of

Saint Cecilia. Under the marble altar is the original statue. A most gorgeous crypt and tomb to this patron of music has been reared. No finer Christian structure is erected to womankind anywhere than this monument of Saint Cecilia. Its rich mosaic of gold and glass, its polished pillars. its beautiful arched and inlaid workmanship form a rare tribute to a somewhat traditional but most beautiful character. It seemed to us an idolatrous waste of money.

From the Capitol Hill Museum, requiring many hours of study, one is likely to carry away a distinct pleasure from having sat in the presence of two famous pieces of statuary, "The Marble Faun" and "The Dying Gladiator." The busts of philosophers and statesmen from Homer down to the present; the "Boy with a Thorn," "Doves in the Basin," and the "Roman Wolf" are certain also to attract the tourist and consume his time.

Art is yet alive in Rome and religion is not wholly effete. Even in the shadow of wasted cathedrals and pagan pillars, like an olive orchard in a desert, may be found water springs of pure religion. Some of the best missionary work and the finest schools are to be seen in Rome. I would gladly tarry at Rome's fountains and museums, walk about her monuments and shrines, linger among her books and beside her master paintings. Her schools and her shaded parks comfort and profit the studious tourist. This Scriptural and classic city upon her seven hills and alive-as by the presence of a thousand ancient philosophers and patriots, constrains us to bow with veneration. This is Rome, the great central city of law, art, oratory and religion. It grips our memory. The impress of its former glory and of its present day magnificence can never be effaced.

Leaning Tower of Pisa.

Campo Santo, (Holy Field) Pisa.

XVIII.

NORTHERN ITALY

JUNE first is an ideal morning and the Italian sunshine adds glory to the plains by the sea. The fields, orchards and pastures clothed with flocks and herds afford a beautiful panorama of western Italy. After six hours we are again anchored in our hotel at Pisa. There are but few noted sights in this city and most of these are in a group. A few hours will suffice for a satisfying visit. We look first at the Campanile or leaning tower. This great monument is a freak in architecture and has raised a thousand questions in every generation of visitors. It is one hundred seventy-nine feet high and encloses two hundred ninety-four now much worn stone steps. It contains in its belfry seven bells, one of which weighs six tons. To view the surrounding country and write postal cards in the top of this tower amid the clanging of bells may satisfy the novelty seeker, but it does not answer the question so often raised as to whether this tower really sank to its present position or was built so at the beginning. After examination, I was personally convinced that it was an architectural fad. It required one hundred seventy-five years in building and cost an incredible sum of money, with no advantage but to draw the curious and satisfy the sense of wonder. There are other leaning towers in northern Italy. This one has served a good purpose to both philosopher and traveler.

Of equal interest is the Baptistry near-by. The strange musical echo under the dome of this building, which is one hundred ninety feet high, is to be found nowhere else. The musical reverberations that return the exact tones of voice from singer or instrument, prolonging the same, serve as a happy entertainment to those who are fortunate enough to spend a half-hour experimenting with varied tones and songs.

The great Cathedral close at hand, which is seven hundred years old, contains the famous hanging bronze lamp which is called Galileo's lamp. The swinging of this lamp from the lofty ceiling is said to be the origin of the pendulum in all the grandfathers' clocks of modern civilization. Some very queer paintings are found upon the walls. A most remarkable pulpit of carved wood shows marks of genius in the builder and makes famous the otherwise ordinary cathedral. From this we pass to the Campo Santo or burial place, lined by corridors, where repulsive paintings illustrate gross medieval theology and Bible interpretations concerning hell and heaven. Here 52,800 people are buried in twenty-three shiploads of soil brought from Jerusalem by the Crusaders. It is a weird, cold and dismal place of faded beauty from which we are ready to make an early exit, desiring to return no more. Pisa was once a port of the sea, but now has retreated and the intervening miles to the shore are occupied by farm land, gardens and residences of much attractiveness.

Our railway journey from Pisa to Genoa is along the coast. This road, built at an incredible expenditure of engineering genius and money, is almost a railroad through the rocks. One of our party counted eighty-

seven tunnels on this route of about one hundred two miles.

Genoa, with a population of 272,000, is a city of lofty and well built palaces and business blocks. Our hotel, the "London," is an excellent one near the station and close to the monument of Columbus. We must visit this city; for what American would pass by the native city of Columbus? A snap shot of the monument is taken. The carved granite figures on the four sides of this famous structure, properly interpreted, would make a little book of Columbus' history. A visit to the birthplace and home of Columbus where he lived as a boy, reveals the inscription on the old residence near the new city post-office. We are told by an old janitor, that this is "all there is to see."

In the suburbs of this city there is the most noted "holy ground" or Santo Campo to be found in Italy. Our conductor, who has traveled the world over, tells us that this is the greatest cemetery he knows anything about. It is artistically formed and carefully preserved. Striking monuments are located in the ground, on the rotundas, in corridors, in the mausoleums and vaults, everywhere, and in all this exhibition are revealed the combined artistic taste of many centuries of religious art and veneration for which northern Italy is famous. Personal loves, Christian faith, all sorts of emblematic thoughts, are depicted in sculpture. Marble is wrought into volumes. Family tombs are made into art galleries of affection. A modern crematory has been attached. A richly adorned domed chapel has been erected in honor of the thousands whose dust consecrates the ground. Indeed, it is a most significant and suggestive city of the

departed. It is in great contrast with the Mohammedan, Jewish and French cemeteries to be found in Constantinople, Paris and the Holy Land.

We have time and must visit the cathedral of San Lorenzo, built 1100-1300. It is noted for its black and white marble stripes. In it is shown a small sarcophagus which, they tell us, was brought from Jerusalem by the Crusaders. On the outside is carved the story of John the Baptist and other Scriptural matter; the actual chain with which his hands were bound is shown. Only men are permitted to view this sarcophagus and women must step aside and all for the reason that a woman caused John to be beheaded. The richly carved walnut seat of Paganinni where the renowned artist played his violin, and the seats occupied by the choir who accompanied the master violinist, furnish interesting features of this cathedral. The Madonna painted on wood by Luke is shown us—a very doubtful piece of art. This and other famous paintings are kept covered by curtains.

A tramway ride about the city and up the incline to the top of the hill, where we have a charming view of the sea-port, the sea, and the whole city, leaves a delightful memory. We later take our final view of the Mediterranean harbor as we push across the country to Milan. We are informed that Genoa furnishes a most remarkable illustration of conditions growing out of excessive taxation and papal oppression coming down the centuries of Italy's history. The magnificent palaces and homes that adorn the hillsides are not owned by private residents, but are rented and controlled by city government. The reason for this is, that they were taxed so heavily in

Monument of Columbus, Genoa.

Duomo Cathedral, Milan.

earlier days that the nobles and wealthy owners were obliged to turn over their property to the city for taxes. Burdensome taxation has blocked civilization and entailed poverty and distress upon multitudes in Italy. It has thus been made a country of great monuments, famous architecture, mammoth cathedrals, marvelous highways, all at the expense of the people, who are compelled to a life of comparative ignorance and poverty by undemocratic or aristocratic ideas of government and religious control. People are tenants rather than possessors. Taxes are levied to keep up the army and navy. Beggars and peasants are multiplied and chained to ignorance and poverty as culprits were bound to soldier guards.

After passing forty-four tunnels, one of which is five miles long, we reach Milan. This is one of the best built and most intelligent cities in all Italy. No finer type of Italians can be found anywhere, not even in Rome. They are scholarly, well dressed, modern and enterprising. There are few signs of poverty or ignorance such as we find in most other cities, especially in middle and southern Italy. It is a paradise for tourists. Here we will have time to study the outside and inside of the Duomo or White Cathedral, and the famous "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci. The Duomo is the most ideally Gothic structure to be found in Europe, unless perchance, we except the cathedral at Cologne. It is five hundred feet long, two hundred fifty feet wide and one hundred fifty-five feet high. It was destroyed by Attila 452 A. D.; again by Frederick Barbarossa in 1162, but was rebuilt in 1386 by Visconti. Within are fifty-two pillars. Here are the statues of the apostles, among them the noted statue of the "Skinned Bartholomew" and the "Martyred

Nathanael." The rose-colored windows, one with ninety-eight scenes in the life of Christ, and another with as many from the Old Testament, are marvels of beauty and require days for study and interpretation. The cathedral itself is cold and dismal and has many chapels. It is uninviting though very majestic. Tourists will take pleasure in climbing four hundred ninety-five steps to the pinnacle of the church and walking about the tower, where they will obtain an ineffaceable view of the city, the surrounding country and the distant Alps. A visit to this cathedral and city makes such an overwhelming impression upon the traveler's mind as will forever silence any regrets for having come across the sea, even though he should have seen nothing but the view from the tower of the Duomo.

The Victor Emanuel archway, the church of Saint Ambrose where he is said to have baptized Saint Augustine, the tomb of Saint Ambrose, the fine ancient wood carvings and crypt of the eminent Bishop Basil and the original "Last Supper" are strong inducements to visit this city. The new family cemetery of Milan is said to be the most beautiful of modern cemeteries in all Italy. Surely it is a tribute to the Christian faith concerning the dead, as well as to monumental art which finds its origin and inspiration in the faithful and sometimes foolish affection of the human heart.

Leaving Milan at 8 A. M., June 4th, we are fortunate in securing excellent quarters in a "non fumare" (no smoking) compartment. This ride along the lakes and through the tunnels of northern Italy on an ideal June day with pleasing company, good health and clear vision, is about the acme of a traveler's delight. Near Milan are mulberry orchards with silk culture; rice fields also

abound. The meadows with new mown hay, the women harvesters, the good roads with stone guards along the way and perfect gates at all grade crossings furnish a picture of the industry and life of northern Italy most pleasing to the stranger. Tunnels, by contrast, insure the finest views and provide short and safe passage; thus it is that sorrow often leads through tunnels of suffering that we may have a better understanding of God and duty.

XIX.

THROUGH ALPINE MOUNTAINS AND DOWN THE RHINE

THE engineers of Europe seem to have built for safety and eternity. They cut through the mountains rather than round the curves. We have now passed by rail through two hundred fifty-three tunnels. The greatest of these and the longest in the world, is the Simplon which is twelve miles long and unites Italy with Switzerland and does away with the forty miles' drive over mountain roads, reducing the time from ten hours to thirty minutes. We take our noonday lunch in the diner, three thousand feet under ground as we pass through this tunnel. Modern science and enterprise have introduced electric engines and guaranteed both the comfort and safety of travelers. Again we observe as we shall see throughout Europe, how speed is sacrificed to safety, a good lesson for Americans to learn from their European neighbors.

As we journey from Italy to Switzerland, I am reminded that nature is more wonderful that art. The Alps are more startling than the statues of Rome or Florence; and tourists love the lakes and valleys more, for Switzerland is crowded with hotels filled with people from England and America. Someone has said that the modern

rush of tourists has enervated the Swiss life, making it easier to serve the seeker of health and pleasure than to till the soil or carve the wood. There remain however, many opportunities of admiring the Swiss handicraft and homely customs of the rural and village peasants. Nature and mountains have made them devout, loyal and industrious, if not great and heroic. One must admire this little country with its ancient methods, snowy mountain peaks, rippling streams, dashing fountains and last, but not least, its clean streets and inviting beds. This people are hospitable and know how to take care of strangers and you need not be scared at their prices, as in some countries where travelers abound.

You have not seen Europe unless you have come in contact with the mountain scenery of Switzerland. Its railway travel views are superb beyond all others. The great abrupt heights of towering peaks covered with snow, the picturesque Swiss plains and the serpentine streams lined with grassy carpet a thousand feet below our train, the surprise glimpses caused by darting in and out of short tunnels, form a moving picture show which cannot be reproduced on canvas.

Railroading in Europe is invited and made easier by their ticket system by which, in Switzerland, Belgium and elsewhere, one can purchase for a few dollars, a railroad ticket on which you may ride for thirty days, day and night, stopping when and where you will.

The old church spires with their peals of from five to seven bells, the native costumes of mountain and valley, the water-falls that defy description as they gush from the mountain sides down the dizzy heights, the varied forests and glaciers, the changing flocks and simple pedestrians

or field workers, can only be seen by long railway or tramway journeys; and these are part of the luxuries which draw tourists and refresh the soul of one who loves nature and folks.

A fortunate hotel rest in Interlaken compels a thankful spirit. You must admire and enjoy the clean, homely, simple comforts which come to you by the way of the downy pillow, the polite waiters, the restful atmosphere and the abundant supply of wholesome food. The shop displays bewilder and entertain you; while the lurid twilight glow of Jungfrau will comfort and inspire your soul as you sit by the waters of the quiet, restful and glorious Interlaken. No wonder it is a village of hotels! Nature has invited the people and the Swiss hospitality and industry confirm the call to this, one of the most peaceful and unique summer resorts of the whole world.

If you have ever toured Europe you have been misguided if you have not taken at least one trip in summer up the Alps above the snow line. Come with me as we take the train from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen. The sun is bright, the air is a tonic. On the way we pass the mountain steeps on either side of the railroad. The waters rush down the gorge towards lakes Brientz and Tuhn. The cliffs rise perpendicularly to such dizzy heights as to test your vision and to strain your muscles. Now and then the water dashes in great streams near your car window. The pines cling to the rocks beneath them, rising to kiss the skies. After twelve miles by train, we leave the station and wander through a village and up the great foothill till we get a close sight of Staubbach Falls pouring in limpid stream, from its lofty source, which the wind turns to "water dust." This is why it is called

"Dust Stream." The sparkling spray drops nine hundred eighty feet, the greatest height of any water fall near human dwelling. After visiting with the shopkeepers along the village road, we ascend the stairway up the rock behind the spray. We gaze at the mountains beyond the valley for a background and take a kodak shot of Jungfrau and other mountains in the distance.

But we have just started on our day's trip. We hasten to take a cog-wheel electric tramway and cross the narrow valley. Up the incline our engine slowly creeps. The village disappears; that is, the people grow too small to distinguish, and the houses become toys in the deepening valley. Passing tunnels and water sprays, we study the Swiss cottage bungalows and cow shelters on the mountain sides; for far up to the edge of the pine tree belt, the Alpine herdsmen dwell and watch their flocks and, morning and evening, carry their milk to the villages far below.

Now we stop at the village of Wendern, a hotel town four thousand three hundred feet up the mountain side. We ascend in steady turns of our great electric engine to Wendernach, a still loftier station, and then, a thousand feet higher till we have passed the last tree and find snow in the gorges and ravines on either side of the track. Scheidegg is our noon station. We have been wisely advised to bring our heavy wraps, and well enough; for it is winter here. The snow rises in drifts to the height of our car roof. Great snow banks hang above our hotel. Our party enjoy a snow-ball game and take each other's pictures in the snow. After lunch we enter another tramway that bores its way through snow drifts up six thousand feet higher than Scheidegg, which itself

is six thousand seven hundred seventy feet above sea level. At this point, Jungfrau the pride of Switzerland, is almost touched in her forehead, and will be a year later when a "lift" is built to her very crest. A few of our party must venture on a glacier with an old mountain guide. Never mind the danger and wet feet; the snow must be waded, the crevasses crossed. But hark! it is thunder! the lightnings flash, the clouds gather, a storm is on. It is snowing till the sky is black. We must hasten to shelter. About the hotel the dogs are hitched to a sled and the adventurers return to find the cars covered with snow which later turns to rain.

The excursionists, after warming and drying themselves, wrap up in blankets furnished by the tramcar company, and ride down the other and east side of the mountain toward Grudenwald and the valley of Interlaken. It is snowing hard and later it rains in icy drops. We pass again through snowdrifts and reach out for handfuls of snow in midsummer. We have been to the height of Eigergleschen, have seen the glacier face to face, and now watch the mountain climbers coming down the pedestrians' path through rain and snow; but they are full of glee and mingle their shouts with the Alpine hunters and herdsmen eight thousand feet toward the sky.

It is a long slow run to the valley; but the blending of the mountain scenery with the glory of the setting sun forms a picture which outdoes any description of artist or poet. Be patient. It has rained all afternoon, but the dust is on the street by our hotel when we return. The setting sun may yet throw its ruddy glow as with a painter's great pencil, upon the brow of Jungfrau as you

Bernese Oberland Mountains, Switzerland.

Staubbach Fountain and Mountains near Interlaken, Switzerland.

Mountain View, Interlaken, Switzerland.

Group of Tourists in Snow at Scheidegg June 5.

sit in the village and gaze toward the famed mountain peak you visited in the early day. Twilight in Switzerland at this season, reaches to 9 P. M. and later. Nature's sun-pictures of snow and mountain crag are so overwhelmingly grand that the delighted traveler drops his pen in description, and only longs to witness such sights again and again.

The season is cold and rainy, for this country, but a boat trip on Brientz Lake to the upper end, past beautiful falls with hotels scattered along the shore is not without comfort and pleasure. A quick transfer of baggage by the gentlemen of the party brings our stuff and crowd into comfortable compartments where we rest till we reach Lucerne by the way of Brunig Pass. This route overlooks beautiful Swiss valleys far down in the meadow, checkered with cottages, white church spires and cozy villages that seem like distant nests of goose-eggs. On either side the rugged snow-capped mountains, pine forests, cliffs and gorges, water streams and pastures, continually engage our vision and stimulate our thought. As is the custom on European railroads, tickets are not lifted till the end of the journey; and we are happy to find ourselves in Lucerne for a Sunday rest.

A beautiful cool Sunday sunshine permits us to attend the English Church service where we find, for the first time in Europe, a crowded sanctuary; and hear an excellent expository Gospel sermon on Isaiah, sixth chapter. The Swiss take great pleasure in music and band concerts in the park draw great Sunday crowds. A friend gave our party a great treat of Swiss songs by a male quartette. Of course every visitor to this city will resort to the park where is seen the famous "Lion of

Lucerne." This rock-carved memorial of Swiss heroism, by Thorwaldsen, makes the city itself famous, if not the whole nation, and it is an advertisement of the soldierly courage as well as an exhibit of the artistic skill peculiar to this rock-girded and devoted little country. The prostrate figure of the lion, thirty feet in length, lying in a monstrous niche hollowed out of a cliff, is seen to have a mortal wound. The spear has pierced his side. In his agony he guards the Bourbon shield and lily which he has defended at the cost of his life. Chiseled in the rock are the names of the officers of the Swiss Guard who, in defense of Louis XVI., gave their lives at the opening of the French Revolution. Also we read the eloquent inscription, "To the fidelity and bravery of the Swiss."

A half-day's ride to the upper end of Lake Lucerne, though taken through the rain and mist,, gives us a very happy view of this placid body of water nestling at the base of the mountains. Schiller's monument and Tell's Chapel are indications of the faith the Swiss have in the story of William Tell, whom they believe to be a veritable hero, as Schiller has recorded.

The peasant and home life of this romantic people are as interesting as the snowy peaks and limpid lakes, in which nature has done her best and which she has duplicated nowhere else on the eastern hemisphere.

The reader has already discovered that I am giving only a skimming account of a hasty trip. Only surface scenes and facts can be recorded, and this book is the account of things which most instructed and entertained the writer on this tour. Having enjoyed for a brief visit the pure air and sweet water of Switzerland, let us take a passing glimpse of Germany and the Rhine.

We shall be delayed a half-hour at Basel while the custom officials perform their task upon our baggage; but we shall be safe at Strasburg at 10:30, in time for a visit to the Notre Dame at 12 o'clock. We must not be a minute late if we would see the greatest clock in the world, which is erected in this old cathedral. At 12:25 by our time, one hundred fifty people are gathered in front of the clock. At the exact signal of 12:30, the door of the clock opens and its full parade performance begins. An angel strikes the first quarter, another turns his hour glass, while the old man is seen to strike the last quarter. Childhood, youth, manhood and old age take part as the apostles pass before their Master. His hand is uplifted to bless them. When Peter appears, the cock flaps his wings and crows in good imitation of nature. The days of the month are shown, the eclipse is calculated and most complex events, historical and scientific, are exhibited; so that the world does not wonder that the inventor, who completed the first clock, was put to death, lest he should sometime make another like it. They tell us that the builder of the first clock lived until he had spoiled its works so it would not strike after his death. After seeing this wonder clock, we have interpretation of the fact that the cock is found on so many cathedral steeples throughout Europe. It is a reminder of the weakness of human nature and the peril of denying one's Lord. It is an interesting fact that the original Strasburg clock was completed in 1354 A. D. by an unknown artist. This was a remarkable piece of workmanship at that day and was called the "clock of the three sages." It finally ceased running and the magistrate of the town decided to have another one built. The second masterpiece clock was

finished 1574 and kept running for over two hundred years. In 1836, the town of Strasburg caused this curious monument to be repaired. The old case and many of the pieces of the former clock are preserved in the Chapel of Notre Dome today.

We have yet time before we leave the city, to see the statue of Gutenberg, the inventor of the printing press. It shows him at work as he lived here in the days of his toil and trial. The old tower of Notre Dame, four hundred sixty feet high, crowns a very fine Gothic structure showing a faded grandeur of architecture whose original magnificence was the price of the sale of indulgences in the middle ages. We are still more interested in the modern laundry where one hundred or more women in the canal of the river surrounding the city, are kneeling in boxes of straw and rubbing on boards or rinsing outside the prepared boats where they work away in real German style; for women work in Germany in field and shop. The men are soldiering or otherwise engaged, as it seems to the casual traveler.

We are soon on the train by which we arrive at "Bingen on the Rhine." Homes, parks and military drill fields of Germany are rapidly passed on the way. The houses and methods of farming, as well as the costumes, are in striking contrast to those of Switzerland. Every yard of soil seems to be utilized. There is no waste of material or opportunity. Economy and industry prevail everywhere. In these respects a foreigner is obliged to admit that "Germany is great."

After a good night's rest at Bingen, we will enjoy "Market day" on the streets of this famous village. Early in the day women are seen in great processions, carrying

Ledge of Lurlie on Rhine.

Castle Port and Grape Vineyard on Rhine.

Women in Market at Bingen on the Rhine.

Castle Scene on the Rhine.

loads of produce on their heads. The market is crowded with typical salespeople, produce and purchasers. We feel like typical tourists and make ourselves at home, taking a snap-shot of strange sights, including one of a Zeppelin airship which passed over our hotel while we were waiting for the boat to carry us down the Rhine. Of course we have little time to read Caroline Norton's poem which is used by the hotel men and citizens as an advertisement of their town.

The boat is at hand and we are resting our minds and eyes on the beautiful terraced grape fields on either side of the river. We pass the towers and historic monuments along this river which is connected up with the books of romance and history by most confusing and entertaining stories. The old castle and ruins, Mouse Tower, the Geyser Island, high bluffs and winding landscapes, are left behind us. We become thirsty and long for lunch and a drink of water, but water is ten pfennings a glass; milk is higher still; the principal drinks are wine and beer. These, our German companions in travel prefer to all the temperance beverages on which Americans dote.

Cologne is at last reached by water, and "Cologne water" is sold at a fine price and there are infinite varieties, all of them said to be genuine. The chief attraction is the great Cologne Cathedral, which many regard as the finest spire and belfry of the Gothic, yet seen in all our trip.

XX.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

ROTTERDAM is our headquarters while in Holland. June 11th, we take train for Amsterdam, fifty-two miles northeast. For the first time, and the last, in all our three-months' journey, we missed the train just one minute. To one who has just landed in Holland there is enough to see during an hour's wait, even at a railroad station. It seems only a few minutes till we catch a through train which hurries us past beds of flowers, tulips, lilies, etc., for which Holland is so noted. Three features of country life make Holland famous and attractive: they are its windmills, canals and flower beds. Small herds of handsome Holstein milch cows decorate the green fields that are fenced by ditches wide enough and deep enough to prevent crossing except where bridges span the water. The country looks like a flat, floating and bisected meadow. No land has been more faithfully portrayed by the artist. Its herds, its windmills, its dogs, its costumes, make is a good subject for the artist and a unique attraction to tourists.

The Holland of today is below the sea level and is protected by its strong dikes everywhere. Much of the land used for grazing and farming is redeemed from the sea. We are told that eight thousand more square miles of Zuyder Zee will be reclaimed when the government car-

ries forward her plans. The whole country is checkered by canals. Amsterdam is called "the vulgar Venice." Everybody is at work, especially the women who, as in German countries, share heavy burdens of toil. Dogs are harnessed to all sorts of carts. Modern invention is gradually doing away with many earlier customs as well as costumes. A few of the unique dresses of men and women are yet to be seen on the streets, although a trip to Marken is necessary to witness the wooden shoes, striped gowns and baggy trousers the Dutch used to wear.

The Hollanders are very exclusive and unique. Their language, money and habits impress strangers as those of an independent folk. The life and quiet monotonous atmosphere should commend their land as a location for rest-cure sanitariums. Their industry and cleanliness are very conspicuous: they are enemies of dirt. Even the rural stables, though included within the same roof as the residence, are often as clean and sweet as a parlor. We found one cheese stable carpeted. They use water less for drinking than for scrubbing; and when not drinking, they seem to be smoking. Women work at everything in Holland, from making bread and cheese to drawing carts and blacking shoes for English tourists. There are few loafers. They are sturdy, stout and have a reputation for being both peaceable and progressive. The one national machine to which they cling is the Dutch windmill, hundreds of which may be seen across the plains. These work pumps, grain-mills, saw-mills, and furnish power for a hundred purposes of manufacture. A man's wealth in Holland is sometimes estimated by the number of windmills he owns.

The educational system of Holland is very much

superior to that of her Catholic neighbor, Belgium. Her religion is Protestant, but quite phelgmatic and ceremonial. Her art treasures show signs of an original type of genius. The art of Amsterdam as seen in Ryk's museum will linger in the mind of the first visitor, along with that of Florence and Venice, though it is less pretentious. Bold colors and striking fidelity to national life and history appear in all paintings of Rembrandt and of less famous artists. We are immensely entertained by Rembrandt's "Night Watch," one of the most famous paintings of the country. The ruling feature of art in Holland galleries is the faithful depicting of home and rural life and historic scenes of their own country. The realistic, not the fanciful, prevails. While we study the paintings of this museum, two young groomsmen with their brides, in typical Holland costume of peasant type, stride through the halls and prove more striking and distracting than anything upon the walls. Their high colors, butterfly head-gear, heavy skirts and stunning features confirm the statement above made, that nature is more entertaining than art, though art may seek to reproduce real scenes of life.

In the same city may be seen alongside small street shops, the rarest diamond cutting house in the world. Here the art of cutting diamonds is shown in all its attractiveness and the finest gems are prepared to adorn the crowns of European royalty.

He who visits Amsterdam will want to take a boat ride to Zaandam where Peter the Great is said to have resided in an old house for three months incognito as a worker in ship building. Ships are still built here. The old house twelve by thirty feet, with its tile roof and ten-

Along the Rhine, Apollinaris.

Boating on Canal, Amsterdam.

inch sideboards, its end window, its sitting-room and bedroom six by four feet, is an idol with the people, and is kept up at the expense of the Czar of Russia. A tablet inscription within this old cabin is said to have been presented by Napoleon, or by Alexander, who was here in 1840. It is a tribute to Peter the Great and reads as follows: "To the great man, nothing is small." This building has stood for nearly three hundred years. The bronze statue of Peter with his axe, hewing lumber for a ship which also appears, stands in the public street of the town. Of this, the natives are very proud.

But a visit to Holland would be incomplete without some time spent in The Hague. It is here we find the rarest prison exhibit in the world which is a display of all the torturing devices employed in the inquisition period from 1300 to 1600 A. D. The identical prison cells and instruments of cruelty are open to the inspection of the public. These are in awful contrast with the exquisite and artistic House in the Woods where Queen Wilhelmina spends at least two months of every year. In this palace was held in 1899, the first Peace Congress, representing thirty-five nations. One hundred forty representatives were present. In this peaceful and park-adorned city we find also that monument of Andrew Carnegie, the Peace Palace, costing over a million of the philanthropist's American-earned money. It appeals to all visitors as a school house to teach rulers and kings how to beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. It is a strange travesty that no Peace Congress has yet been held in this Palace of Peace; and, that while writing these pages the European and world-wide war would seem to prophesy

its use as a kennel for the war dogs or as a hospital for wounded princes and heart-broken queens.

Before leaving Holland, we must take a glimpse of the Pilgrim Church at Delft Haven where our Pilgrim Fathers held their last service before embarking on the Mayflower. The portraits of Miles Standish, John Alden and members of the White family, and the old pulpit all speak volumes for the sturdy integrity and religious devotion of the stock from which sprang the civilization of New England and Manhattan.

Belgium is best studied from its radiating capital and headquarters, Brussels. This city is often called a "second Paris." French is much spoken here. French signs and customs greet us on the streets. It ranks in beauty and attractiveness with Paris and Vienna. It has superb and well-shaded boulevards: the residences are magnificent. Its finely constructed pavements, cleaned every night, its Palace of Justice, its Museum of Arts, its cathedrals and hotels make it easily one of the leading cities of the world.

Our first study is not of the city itself, but of the most famous battlefield of the world, Waterloo. We will take a carryall, containing thirty persons, drawn by two horses; then a street-car and a railroad train through a pleasing suburb till we reach the town of Waterloo and soon find ourselves at the foot of the Lion Mound. We ascend the two hundred twenty-six steps and view with mingled emotions of sadness and gratitude the fields where 72,000 of Napoleon's troops on June 18, 1815, were defeated by Wellington's 67,000 though at the cost of 25,000 lives. Blucher reinforced Wellington and won the day: the Old Guard of Napoleon was driven back and the

little general met his first great defeat. The fate of the European allies was sealed. England and Protestantism rather than French infidelity was made triumphant. What an awful price! But God must seal His power in blood and make His voice heard against the pride and dictation of the Little Giant who, in the early nineteenth century, exalted himself above all militant forces, even above Deity himself. The painted panorama of Waterloo Battle near-by adds interest to the locality and gives an impressive though unsatisfactory view as gathered by the artist. Besides the heroes' mound at Waterloo crowned by the massive lion, there are other monuments. One constructed by the English and Dutch bears this inscription, "To the memory of their companions in arms who gloriously fell on the memorable 18th day of June 1815, this monument is erected by the officers of the King's German Legion." Nearly a mile distant the French have a monument to their fallen braves, where is seen, without words, a statue of a wounded eagle, signifying the defeated Napoleon.

During the few months since our visit to Waterloo, Belgium has become one great battlefield and ruin. Its cities have been captured, its people impoverished and the whole country subjected to the conquering foe and lies prostrate in the agonizing throes of an unpardonable war. A characteristic of the Belgium people was observed while we took our lunch at a hotel near Waterloo, where those who refused wine with meals were charged twenty-five centimes each as an inducement or constraint to drink wine. Such is Europe, especially Brussels, the greatest drinking city we have yet met. It is remarkable how fully the people, of the city particularly, give them-

selves, men, women and children, to wine drinking.

Belgium is almost one great town; the people are herded five hundred to the square mile throughout the whole kingdom. The inhabitants of Belgium are composed of two distinct races, the northern provinces contain the Flemish, a sturdy race of Teutonic origin akin to the Dutch, whose language resembles that of Holland. This portion of Belgium constitutes what is known as Flanders, including the old cities of Ghent and Bruges. In southern Belgium, which is a factory and agricultural region, are the Walloons, descendants of the Gauls. They are of a high-strung nervous temperament more like the French. Many of them speak the French language and the old dialect of southern France. The country at large is loyal to the religion of the Roman Catholics.

A day must be spent in visiting Liege and the Grotto of Han. In making this trip we will see Namur, Dinant, Rochefort. Our conductor carries tickets on which are the individual photos of his party, giving a five days' privilege of traveling by rail anywhere in the kingdom. The final station is reached and we are directed through a village of poorly kept cottages and stable odors till we reach the edge of a fine grove, an arbor of horse chestnuts, cross a rustic bridge and come to the entrance of the Lesse river under the mountain, where we explore this most wonderful grotto that has its counterpart in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Part of our journey is by boat on the waters of the underground river. At last, by the aid of electric lights, we climb stairs and on up the heights through a mountainous park of stalactite and stalagmite formations and rocky tableland. The electric adornments, the echo caverns, the rumble of the river in

Holland Windmill.

Milk-cart with Dog at Monnikendam.

Market Girls at Marken, Holland.

Holland Family, Marken.

the dungeon caves and gorges, the light of the flashing crystals, the multitude of strange echoes and weird outlines of giants, fairies, goblins, make a deep impression of the wonderful works of nature and the secret handiwork of the Creator. We have traveled today two hundred miles and have visited the coal mines and factories, monuments and churches of Liege, so soon and unexpectedly to be defaced by great siege guns of their martial neighbor, the Kaiser of Germany. How sad to recall how wretched the war has made this diversified and resourceful country! Beautiful shaded highways that were made into boulevards by double rows of shade trees are no longer the charm of the country. The smoking factories and beautiful homes, rural gardens and fields, bear the scars of the cyclone of war. The lofty needles and walls of rock remain, which rise sometimes to hundreds of feet. The quarries, then busy, are now silent. The green-houses which were cultivated by the acre, are no longer productive. I count it an almost saddening good fortune to have passed throughout the length and breadth of rural and city Belgium only a few weeks before the ravages of the war dogs.

We will take another outing and visit Tournai, noted for its wonderful cathedral, majestic in proportions but somewhat faded and dilapidated. Its windows and arches, its pillars and pulpit, with its sounding board having in the ceiling the emblem of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, will not soon be forgotten. Four majestic towers adorn the outside. One of the organs within is playing to the chants of a dozen old priests who perform their ceremonies for conscience' sake and for the comfort of a few scattered women worshipers. Strangers seem to

annoy them and we pass out to view the city tower which is a beauty of architecture, surpassed only by a larger and similar one in Ghent.

We visit Ghent, where we find a modern railroad station which rivals some of our best stations in America. The city hall, cathedral and the tower are all places of interest. Our conductor wisely insists that we visit the Beguinage where seven hundred nuns live, worship and ply their tasks. Their church is unlike any we know. It is seated with stools and chairs very much as an American Sunday School room. Twice a day these sisters meet for worship and meditation, for study and prayer. They live two or more in a home or stall, one of which we enter and find the inmates kind and ready to sell postal cards, candy, pamphlets, etc. They have not renounced marriage and may return or withdraw from the hermitage at will. This institution was intended as a shelter and boarding place for girls unprotected, possibly disappointed. Here they can live and die in ease and seclusion, doing limited works of charity when demanded. It is one of the few such communities found in the Netherlands.

I here deserted my party and returned alone to Brussels. Thrust out upon a perfectly strange language with no one to interpret, I am fortunate to fall in with a commercial Hollander who has adopted Brussels as his business center, can speak English, knows the country, the schools, the religions and has no reason for telling anythig but the truth to an American, who welcomes his kindness. I observe with interest the great wheel carts with front wheels half the diameter and one-fourth the size of the back ones. My native traveling companion

tells me that there is a great difference between the Hollander and the Belgian as there is a great contrast in their school systems, their business acumen and their social habits. The Belgian king, supported by the people, is progressive beyond the average of countries where the Roman Catholic religion and schools abound. They are seeking to transform their native country into a veritable park. Alas that the ravages of war should blast the hopes and labors of a whole generation in a few sad months of havoc and ruin!

He who visits Ghent will also wish to view Antwerp and its magnificent harbor and superb quays, once the pride of Napoleon I. A busy city today, it is but a hint of what its commerce was in the 16th century. Then, two thousand five hundred ships could find shelter in its harbor; no city in Christendom could equal Antwerp in wealth; her massive warehouses were the deposits of precious wares from every land; her cathedrals, palaces and works of art made her a marvel of cities. But the Spaniard sacked Antwerp and burned millions of dollars' worth of property and reduced five hundred marble residences to blackened ruins. Shall history repeat itself? Read the records of the war which began in July 1914. Ask the fleeing refugees and count the ruins that follow the German siege of Antwerp when king and soldiers are driven from the realm, and the sea-port pride of Belgium is degraded by the overwhelming superiority of German guns and soldiers.

Thanks that Brussels is spared such degradation and destruction. No one will tarry long in Brussels without a visit to the Cathedral of Saint Gudule. Its magnificent windows are an art gallery. Its great altar is a museum.

We must not sit with our backs to the altar even to rest and admire the architecture of this cathedral, lest a rebuke come from the keeper of this great hall. Note the great pillars, the beautiful illuminated image of the virgin, that the light is shining from the rear in long distance reveals in rarest brilliancy and beauty. The costly black linden wood pulpit is symbolically carved to exhibit the angel expelling with drawn sword, Adam and Eve from the garden; also the figures of beasts representing the lower passions, which are being driven out by the presence of Mary.

We will cross the flower market, view the city hall with its four rows of gabled windows and numerous Scripture images outside. We will admire the Guild House across the square, once used in the middle ages for tradesmen and called the House of the King, but now used as flat residences and clubs. But the building of buildings in this "second Paris" of Europe is the palace of Justice, covering 27,000 square feet and costing $10,000,000. It is simply the national courthouse, but is a work of architecture and art, and a museum in itself. Here are revealed the loftiest conceptions of ancient justice as seen in historic paintings and in the statues of Demosthenes and Lycurgus.

The shops and boulevards of Brussels are veritable galleries of art, an Eden of pleasurable resort. As noticeable as some of their finest buildings are their ridiculous efforts to attract the English tourists. Witness this sign which we note as we are leaving the city: "Keepsake at scheep price." Having seen the child of Paris, we must hasten to Paris itself. A fast train awaits us and a delightful afternoon gives us a view of rural Belgium and France, the country of vines, fashion, art and progress.

Royal Palace, Brussels, with Children in front.

Lion Mound, Waterloo, Belgium.

XXI.

PARIS THE FASHIONABLE

A FEW days in Paris leaves a foreigner incompetent fully, or perhaps fairly, to judge its people. An impartial tourist can only give his personal impressions growing out of his own observations of the city in contrast with other places. Henry van Dyke in "America for Me" says that "Paris is a woman's city with flowers in her hair." Strange would it be if, in this city where the modes are made which dominate the world, woman should not figure in great prominence. Nor is she always of the Joan of Arc and Madam Curry type. It would be better for Paris if it were so.

One is first struck with this fashion center as a city of shops and business life. Much of the shop display has reference to the feminine taste. Jewelry stores seem to predominate. In a very small and obscure shop I noticed one article alone exhibited in the window, which I could not buy for the simple reason that I had not at hand 400,000 francs or $80,000; and this was only one of many such bargains appealing to the street multitudes. Paris is an intensely commercial city and has few scruples as to moral questions. Pictures and articles are exposed for sale which could not be sold publicly in any American city. Play houses are open which would be closed by the worst police force I have yet heard of in my native land. Men

and women of the finest physical type crowd the streets.

The low moral tone of the city has been traced by some to the Voltaire infidelity that has impressed itself upon the nation. There is a general revolt against the Church, including the Pope, which is felt everywhere. Upon their monuments and in their cemeteries is found very scant reference to religious faith or the future life. This is in striking contrast to Italy where religion has long had sway to the advantage of the moral atmosphere. If the exhibit of nude art so marked in Paris, has contributed to lofty morals, we have not yet been able to discern the evidences of such results. In our visit to the leading cemetery of Paris, we find the tomb of Abelard and Heloise bearing the story of love and life on the monument; but few tokens of Christian faith or fear mark the tombstones. Death is a matter of fact; and submission to it is philosophic. There is little emotion depicted or sentiments of hope expressed on any of the tombstones. Even many of the corpses hold a limited lease of from two to thirty years. Some have a perpetuity of occupancy, but we saw others being dug up because their time lease had expired. It is refreshing to discover in one of the parks a monument to Lafayette which reads as follows: "Erected by school children of the United States in grateful memory of Lafayette, statesman soldier, patriot." This shaft was placed as a tribute by the Daughters of the American Revolution to the fellow soldier of Washington, a patriot of two countries.

Paris is famous for fine art and science as well as for its wine and women. The Louvre and Luxembourg Galleries contain many of the most famous masterpieces of painting and sculpture to be found in the world. Here,

as in no other city, we find a multitude of American and European artists engaged in various rooms copying such paintings as Millet's "Angelus," "The Gleaners," Raphael's "Madonna," Leonardo da Vinci's "Mary and Elizabeth," Bonheur's "Plowing with Oxen" and other rare treasures. The "Mona Lisa" portrait which was stolen in recent months by an Italian employee, has been returned to its place on the wall of the Louvre and is more popular than ever. Some of these paintings, like "Delusions of the Lost" and "The Gleaners," cost $50.000 and upwards and could not be taken from these galleries at any price. Luxembourg Gallery is the noted deposit of marble statues; among them, Milo's "Venus," the world-famed original from which copies are to be found in other art halls.

It is worth while to visit the Bastile Corner where the former position of the prison is marked by colored stone in the pavement. Here the French Revolution had its start and a mob began to change the map of history. Close by is seen the "Twenty-eighth of July" monument on which we read the famous French motto: "Liberty, equity, fraternity,"said to have been written by Napoleon. The monument of Charlemagne, "the always victorious," who was crowned at Saint Peter's by Pope Leo III., stands near the Notre Dame Church. He is ever an idol of the French people though his tomb is at Aix la Chapelle. The Notre Dame church with its imposing facade portraying the Resurrection and Judgment, its artistic windows, its unfinished towers and its eleven various charity boxes for donations from visitors and worshipers, is said to be the pride of Paris. But the Pantheon, with its bronze statue in front and its paint-

ings within is more worthy a visit and a more interesting study. The worshipful and sainted Genevieve, the patron saint of France, appears in many paintings. Joan of Arc also is immortalized in four scenes representing respectively her call, her triumph before Orleans, her crowning by the king, and her burning at the stake.

We must content ourselves with only an afternoon visit to the suburbs of Paris where Louis XIV. built "for the glory of France"—that is, for himself—the royal palace and gardens which attract the whole world. As a residence of royalty, Versailles is connected only with Louis XIV. and his successors. As a national museum it contains the entire history of France; and with canvas, marble and bronze, immortalizes her great sovereigns, poets, soldiers and statesmen. An easy and accurate translation of an inscription on one of the many monuments which Louis XIV. caused to be erected to his own honor is this, "The State, it is Me." Everything about the palace, including his dying bed and room in which he breathed his last, displays the egotism of the man who thought his kindom was immortal. The maintenance of this museum of royalty and its surroundings is a burden to the republic which has deprecated the idea of empire, but which retains an intense loyalty to the memory of its national heroes. Many millions of dollars were spent upon this wonderful palace. To walk through the rooms and corridors at Versailles, one must travel seven miles. The longest apartment is the "Gallery of Battles"; the most imposing hall, the "Gallery of Mirrors." The gardens and resorts adjacent to the palace have a world-wide fame. The fountains, avenues and statues are full of charm and sacred to the memory of the

Royal Palace Gardens, Versailles, Paris.

In rear of Royal Palace Versailles, Paris.

darkest days as well as the most romantic scenes of French history.

A three million dollar regent diamond from the queen's crown, and the sword of Napoleon are shown, reminding the present generation of past glories of a wrecked kingdom. We must take time to look at Napoleon's magnificent tomb. Twenty-one years after his death, through England's generosity, his remains were brought back in great pomp from Saint Helena to repose, at his request, on the river Seine among the French people he loved. The gorgeous porphyry sarcophagus lies under a richly gilded and illuminated dome three hundred feet high and near the Hotel Des Invalides, the home of the veteran soldiers of France. Napoleon's mausoleum is more like a temple. Spotless marble lines the floors and walls. Four mighty piers uphold the dome. Directly opposite the entrance is a magnificent altar with an imposing canopy. From the stained glass windows in the roof of the dome there fall into the marble crypt and upon the sarcophagus beneath, beautiful rainbow hues. This tomb on a clear afternoon surpasses, in brilliancy, every other similar memorial unless it should be the Taj Mahal of India. It is a plaintive fact that on the right and left of the tomb of Napoleon are the resting places of Duroc and Bertrand, two of his faithful friends; one falling on the battlefield beside him, the other sharing with him his sad captivity at Saint Helena. Beneath the dark green pedestal, a gigantic star is formed in the mosaic pavement. Around it are inscribed the names of the chief battlefields of Napoleon in the days of his triumph.

The pride of the nation is shown by the monuments

of various states and provinces set up in the Concorda, a great popular park of Paris. The one devoted to the lost provinces of Lorraine and Alsace is draped in mourning under the words, "France still lives and will continue the same." I saw nothing else in France that more clearly pointed to the readiness of the nation to take up war with Germany than this memorial wreath.

An early Sunday morning walk in the Place de la Concorde will give a quiet sunlit view of the Gate of Triumph and the Champs Elysees. This is said to be the grandest triumphal arch ever constructed. It too, stands in memory of Napoleon's victories, and portrays notable events in Bonaparte's martial life. On this boulevard one may see modern France in all her busy rush, especially on the Sabbath afternoon. I noted sixty carriages of various kinds passing in a minute, or thirty-six hundred per hour, besides pedestrians by the hundred.

Parisians are not a worshiping people. Sparse attention is given to religion and almost exclusive thought to pleasure and parade. It is a grief to notice what is allowed on the Sabbath in the vending of wares of all sorts. To a Protestant with a heart for worship, the English Wesleyan church furnishes a splendid place where one can hear a sermon of rare value by one of the great English preachers, Dr. F. W. McDonald. Pastor Wagner, author of "The Simple Life." also was heard by members of our party with great satisfaction. He and other missionaries are doing their utmost to lift up a standard of righteousness and pure religion in this city of pleasure that seems to wait and cry for a better life. Happy if out of the agonies of war there shall be born a new era of temperance, modesty and virtue. The re-

sources of the country and the spirit of the French people furnish a splendid foundation for intelligent and civilized progress.

The Eiffel Tower now used for a Marconi wireless station is still doing business with its "lift" to carry passengers to its lofty outlook and stands as a monument of modern thought and expansion as well as of invention and competition among the nations of the world.

Paris has been described by one writer as "the world, the flesh and the devil all on the ground floor." If this is unjust, is only expresses a popular opinion of the moral needs of a great mass of French people whom we believe are susceptible to such ministries as will raise the French nation above the reproach that has been heaped upon it in the past.

Our program of travel compels us to leave Paris on Monday, June 22nd. It was a delightful railroad trip down the Seine to Havre. We pass through Rouen, the town in whose streets Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. Now she is honored by the whole French nation. We little suspect that this beautiful and romantic country, covered with orchards, well-worked fields and gardens of grain and produce, is so near the havoc of war and death.

XXII.

LONDON THE GREAT

THE English Channel is crossed during the night, and at 6:30 in the morning we land at Southhamton and are soon comfortably lodged at the Bonnington Hotel in the heart of London. After wandering through lands requiring fifteen languages, it is a home comfort to reach a country where you can understand the sign boards and the talk of the streets. While the dialect of England and the face of her people are quite distinct from those of native Americans, you will surely feel that you are getting back to your own folk when you touch Great Britain.

I am reminded of Dr. Johnson's statement that "he who is tired of London is tired of existence." London in June dress is surely a city to be enjoyed. It is the New York of Europe. Judged by its buildings, its area and its men, it is a city of great riches and vast power. It has six great centers, with a distinct type to each of them, and all are joined by quick transit railways both above and underground. The perfect asphalt pavements and great variety of their methods of transportation quickly impress visitors. A wise American tourist who has traversed the globe, informs us that no city equals London in transportation, cheap and effective. The double-decked electric stage is a specialty in London

Monument in honor of King Albert.

Victoria Monument in front of Buckingham Palace.

Buckingham Palace, London.

Plumed Guard near Palace, London.

streets, and the system of speedy, careful and accommodating travel is an astonishment to those from other parts of the earth. The buildings are not of the sky-scraping order, but are substantial and well constructed. Few structures in London are above five or six stories high. Van Dyke says "London is a man's town." The study of men and buildings is a two-fold object of our visit to the British Isles.

It is also a city of churches. Saint Paul's Church is the largest Protestant place of worship in the world. Dingy without and black, it is gorgeous within on account of its pillars, arches and magnificent aisles. The recent finish of the ceilings and decorations have added greatly to its interior appearance. It looks reverent and rich; but is is an abbey and almost a rival to Westminster itself. In the crypt below where one old keeper and janitor has had charge for eight years, are found the resting places of many of the famed dead, among whom are Henry Venn and Robert Lytton. The inscription in memory of Christopher Wren, the architect of the building, compels our attention: "Here lieth Christopher Wren, architect. Reader, if you inquire for my monument, look around." The stamp of Wren's genuis and models is said to be found in the commercial and church architecture throughout London and all England. We stand with reverence before the tablets which mark the burial places of Joshua Reynolds, Benjamin West and Edward Landseer, among the artists. Henry Milman, dean of the Church and author of the "History of the Jews and Latin Christianity" has also a place among the great. Not less honored is Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association. Arthur, Duke of

Wellington, who died September 14, 1852, sleeps among the great in this cathedral. Directly under the dome in the central palace of all is the inscription which pays tribute to Horatio Nelson.

The funeral car of Wellington, hastily constructed in eighteen days, is a magnificent piece of workmanship. Only yesterday at Paris we saw the tomb of Napoleon; today at London, that of Wellington. These martial heroes of neighboring great powers rest with famed scientists, statesmen, clergymen and authors. Britons delight in cherishing the memorials of this hero as do the French the memory of Napoleon. What destiny was wrapped up in the events of Waterloo! While I write the English and French fight shoulder to shoulder in solid loyalty against a common foe.

Westminster Abbey may well be visited after we have seen Saint Paul's. A religious service is in progress and as we enter, the chanting of the choir blends with the peals of the organ. Here is the graveyard, the mausoleum and the monument of the great ones of English history. It is refreshing first to behold the statue of "Wm. E. Gladstone. Aged eighty-nine years." We bow low and tread softly as we approach the slab on the floor that marks the resting place of David Livingstone, the Apostle to Africa, who died May 1, 1873. The atmosphere seems sacred as we read this inscription and quotation to his honor: "May heaven's richest blessing come down on everyone, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore." Herschel the astronomer and Charles Darwin the scientist lie side by side; but no tribute compares with that over the remains of General Charles George Gordon, "Who at all times gave strength

to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering and his heart to God." He died at Khartoom, January 26, 1885, "to save men, women and children from imminent and deadly peril." The religious sentiment that is discovered in abbey and cemetery in England, as well as the appreciation of the merits and virtues of the departed is a marked characteristic of Britons in contrast with the French and Orientals.

Westminster stands alone as a national sepulcher and church. Here we find also the "Throne Chair" in which all the English kings and queens are crowned on coronation days. Underneath and attached thereto is the stone which the custodian and many good authorities believe to be the genuine stone which Jacob used for his pillow at Bethel many thousand years ago. Within a few days of our visit a portion of the chair was destroyed by a bomb supposed to have been left by one of the suffragettes. This and similar destructive efforts throughout the city in the months preceding caused orders to be issued which shut out women from some public resorts and have concealed from everyone valuable sights which were open a year ago. The woman tourist is under suspicion as an iconoclast. Keepers of the British Museum insist upon a guarantee before the female members of our party are admitted through the gates.

The British Museum is admitted to be the greatest in the world and is the resort of scholars and travelers alike; for here are historic and Bible manuscripts and rare treasures in relics, ink, stone and canvas, which the world can ill afford to lose sight of. Only the Congressional Library at Washington is of greater interest to even an American.

Of course we cannot leave London until we have seen London Tower. Here, enclosed in an iron cage and watched by armed guards, are the crown jewels including some of the finest diamonds of the world. The imitation of the Kohinoor, the king of all diamonds, is displayed. The imperial crown worn by the king at Delhi, 1911, and the old scepter with a mounted dove are most interesting. The two largest diamonds are in the crown actually worn by King George in going from the Westminster Abbey to his palace; one weighs three hundred nine carats, and the scepter diamond, five hundred sixteen carats. The value of these jewels of royalty is roughly estimated at $35,000,000. The Chapel of King John, under the same roof, where knighthood was instituted and which has stood for eight hundred thirty-six years, is still used every Sunday for worship. The British armor room, exhibiting coats-of-mail, swords, spears, flags and instruments of torture of other centuries, furnishes a strange object lesson. The gun carriage that carried King Edward to his tomb is here. The cloak of General Wolfe and the armor of King Henry VIII. may be seen. All this armor is polished every week and is constantly on exhibition.

Just outside is the court where I rested near the marked spot on which Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Queen Catherine Howard and thirty-nine others were executed. We climbed the old prison tower and were glad to forget its gruesome history . Saint Peter's Vincula Chapel, which Macaulay says contains the "saddest corner of earth," is near by. In the corner of this chapel rest fifteen of the most famous political martyrs of English history.

What a story comes to mind as we stand in the sun-

A Crowded Stage, London.

First Barracks in Whitehall, London.

shine and motley crowd of Trafalgar Square! Buckingham Palace, the monuments of Queen Victoria, Lord Nelson and others, hold us like magnets. But the greatest monument of all is that erected by Victoria to the honor of Albert, her consort. It cost $3,750,000 and is a most startling and impressive group of statuary. The world-wide conquests of the British Empire are here revealed in marble and granite; also the biography of all English and classic literature. Sweetest and best is the atmosphere of domestic life and Christian faith shown in this tribute of affection of England's greatest queen for her husband.

Hyde and Kensington parks combined have an area of six hundred thirty-eight acres; thirty-two acres are used for pleasure lakes and lagoons. Numerous smaller parks are all open to the public. When an Englishman was asked how they came to have them in such fine condition, he replied, "Mow them and roll them for four hundred years." Hyde park itself is a monument of progress and English taste. Here all sorts of public harangues and speeches are allowed at all times. Preachers, reformers, socialists and cranks of every type assemble from Sunday to Sunday and from night to night, before thousands, and air their opinions unmolested. England is surely a broad-minded old mother who deserves our admiration and esteem.

The religious atmosphere of London is of the highest type. Over the facade of the royal exchange, the Bank of England with its dead windows and its incomparable treasure within, may be read the words, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." The abiding influence of pious Queen Victoria, of Spurgeon's Taber-

nacle, and of the zealous General Booth, are felt in spite of the Rothschilds and the English sports. The sturdy virtue of the people, in pleasing contrast with many other cities, and her institutions of philanthropy and missionary zeal, make London the Christian metropolis of the world.

It was my privilege to pass from the matchless London Zoo to the City Temple where we enjoyed a noonday sermon of great merit and Gospel power from London's now most famous preacher, R. J. Campbell. Modern enterprises, and such attractions as Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" unite to claim the tourist's attention in his jaunts about the city.

It would be strange if a party containing a half-dozen Methodist ministers would take no account of City Road Chapel and Wesley House. We are booked to sail tomorrow but we must see the home where John Wesley studied, preached and finally died in peace. The room where he breathed his last seems sacred with his dying words, "The best of all is, God is with us." His furniture, his plates, teapot, candlestick, pen, books and a lock of his hair are scarcely less interesting than his prayer room where he spent hours in supplication for the whole world which became his parish. Here also is a bough from the tree under which Wesley preached his last sermon out of doors at Winchelsea. The clock which he used and the ordination papers which he signed have a special charm for all Wesleyan visitors. I stood in the John Wesley pulpit of this City Road Chapel which he built and occupied, and studied the emblems of the Triune Deity carved on the front of the gallery. I sat in John Fletcher's chair which stands in front of the pulpit. I read the inscriptions on the tablets in memory of Thomas Coke,

Adam Clark, Joseph Benson and noted the jasper columns contributed by various branches of Methodism. The memorial window in memory of Bishop Matthew Simpson is another fitting adornment of this chapel. Come with us while we visit the grave of Wesley back of the church. Note the nearly consumed candle on Adam Clark's tomb, and the grave of Richard Watson. I seem to have reached the fountain head of this stream as I gratefully copy from her tombstone the following tribute to Susannah Wesley the "mother of Methodism:"

"In sure and certain hope to rise
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for the crown."

Bunhill Field's burial ground just across the street, contains the dust of Isaac Watts, Daniel Defoe, John Bunyan, and many thousands of other never-to-be-forgotten heroes of the world's thought. The army of dead in the heart of this great city seems to speak louder than the living multitude.

Our tour is nearly ended. After brief glimpses of many other sights we prepare for our homeward sail across the sea.

The lands of the past and those yet to come
Can woo me no longer, I'm on my way home

XXIII.

A QUESTION CHAPTER

In touring Europe just before the war, did you observe any latent preparation for coming conflict?

I think we saw seeds of conflict in the friction of soldier elements in Egypt; in the inexplicable movements of soldiers in Palestine; in the suspicions and clash of race prejudice in the Balkan nations; in the domination of martial pride in Germany and the keen "never-forgive-you" spirit of the French in their published attitude toward Germany because of being robbed of Alsace and Lorraine.

What conditions in Europe furnish the ultimate cause of the international war of 1914?

1. Paganism. Its sediment has settled into the bottom of society. Morality without love; progress without purity; philosophy without Christ.

2. Worn-out Catholicism. A compromise blend of moral prohibition, degenerate Christianity, pagan superstition and ceremonial bigotry.

3. Rationalism supported by regal ambition, militarism and unmissionary and anti-Christ religion.

4. Infidelity fruiting in opposition to Church conscience, disrespect for moral law, and the practice of social liberalism and vice.

5. Mohammedanism, a mongrel counterfeit of Judaism, marked by monarchial oppression, poverty, igno-

Six Ministers en Route.

Before Wesley House London. Susanna Wesley Monument.

Elephants at Morning Bath in Zoo.

Riding a Turtle for Fun.

rance, religious zeal, patronage of vice and the idolatry of self. It is fed by sin, must be punished with blood, and purged by fire.

Name some of the superlative sights of your tour.

The oldest city in the world,—Damascus.

The largest city in the world,—London.

The longest tunnel—Simplon, 12 miles through the Alps.

The largest church,—St. Peter's at Rome.

The largest pyramid, — Cheops, Cairo, covering eleven acres and 452 feet in height.

The completest museum,—The British in London.

The highest structure,—Eiffel Tower, Paris. 1000 feet high.

The deepest depression,—The Dead Sea.

The biggest monument,—Emanuel II., at Rome.

The largest Moslem City,—Constantinople.

The largest amphitheatre,—The Coliseum, Rome.

The most famous volcano,—Vesuvius.

The most notable mummy,—Rameses II.

The most wonderful clock,—Strasburg.

The most famous sculpture,—Venus of Milo, Louvre, Paris.

The most famous battlefield,—Waterloo, Belgium.

The largest Protestant Church,—St. Paul's, London.

The most beautiful sarcophagus,—The Alexander in Constantinople.

The largest building stones in the world,—Ruins of Baalbek.

The greatest city of Bible story,—Jerusalem.

What is the hope of Palestine?

The breaking down and displacement of the Turkish

government; the overthrow of Moslem religion, oppression and taxation; the introduction of education to supplant ignorance; the return of the Jews and the fulfillment of Bible prophecy.

Is Christianity a failure in Bible Lands?

It is not being tried in Europe and Bible lands today either in ruling palaces or in democratic circles. Depleted and diluted Christianity *has* failed. The pure Gospel of the New Testament is the only *preventive* and *cure* of this most unreasonable war of history. The Christian missions form the oases in the wilderness. Social and commercial life and even the prevailing religions of the Orient seemed like a desert. The mission houses and schools were the fruit trees, shade and water springs of the sun-cursed and demoralized peoples we were compelled to study. The missions were heaven spots in our journey. They give the promise of reformation for all lands. They are the only hope. The unmissionary churches and philanthropists are threatening rather than redeeming factors in this generation the world over.

What explanation can you find of the present barren condition of the once prosperous and "promised land" of Palestine?

While some explain it as the result of cutting down the forests and vegetation, non-cultivation of the soil and its consequent degeneracy, the best light comes from Deuteronomy 29:22-29 "So that the generation to come of your children that shall rise up after you, and the stranger that shall come from a far land, shall say, when they see the plagues of that land, and the sicknesses which the Lord hath laid upon it;

And that the whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning, that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein, like the overthrow of Sodom, and Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim, which the Lord overthrew in his anger, and in his wrath:

Even all nations shall say, Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?

Then men shall say, Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God of their fathers, which he made with them when he brought them forth out of the land of Egypt:

For they went and served other gods, and worshiped them, gods whom they knew not, and whom he had not given unto them:

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against this land. to bring upon it all the curses that are written in this book:

And the Lord rooted them out of their land in anger, and in wrath, and in great indignation, and cast them into another land, as it is this day.

The secret things belong to the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law."

Is the overthrow of Jerusalem and the Temple on the site of the Mosque of Omar traceable to a like cause?

God is unchanging and rules the events of all generations. Study the following passage from I Kings 9:6-9:

"But if ye shall at all turn from following Me, ye or your children, and will not keep my commandments

and my statutes which I have set before you, but go and serve other gods, and worship them:

Then will I cut off Israel out of the land which I have given them; and this house, which I have hallowed for my name, will I cast out of my sight; and Israel shall be a proverb and a byword among all people:

And at this house, which is high, every one that passeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss; and they shall say, Why hath the Lord done thus unto this land, and to this house?

And they shall answer, Because they forsook the Lord their God, who brought forth their fathers out of the land of Egypt, and have taken hold upon other gods, and have worshiped them, and served them: therefore hath the Lord brought upon them all this evil."

What is the effect of Oriental begging?

Its first effect upon the untried tourist is to entertain, then to weary and possibly disgust him. Many travelers fall into the habit of yielding to the cry for "baksheesh" as an added expense of travel. But this is doubtless a damage to the beggars whose wits will often outwit the wisest. They are never satisfied with what you give them but ever clamor for more coin. Our party were forbidden by our conductor to give tips or answer appeals for "baksheesh"; but a good hearted lady who made a plea of poverty to a persistent little boy in Baalbek was met with a pitiful "Then I give you baksheesh," which out of his savings he forthwith proceeded to do. Later on he came running to her with the appeal, "I give you, now you give me." And he won his point, much to the amusement of the lady's companions who had heard the first

appeal. All tips and private begging should be discouraged by tourists in the Orient. Soldier policemen are stationed about Cairo to protect visitors from the plague of beggars. They have not yet provided against the bargaining hypocrisy of street and shop venders who crowd the tourist's path and match his Yankee shrewdness with the Oriental three-priced, verbose profession of honesty in order to sell you useless souvenirs "very scheep!" "very scheep!"

What cost does such a trip as this to Bible lands represent?

$1000 to $1200.

What are the most desirable conditions for such a tour?

If possible, make the tour in the calm just before the outbreak of war.

You must have average good health and just leisure enough to prevent hurry or loafing—good touring is work and recreation combined—money enough for first-class passage, good hotels, guides, etc. To go with a small party is better than to go alone or with a crowd. A competent conductor who knows the route, can read and speak at least a smattering of 15 languages, can make change with a dozen different kinds of money and know when he is cheated; who can make quick bargains with 33 hotel keepers and twice as many ticket offices, who knows the customs and prices in all countries; who can save your time, soothe your anxieties, answer your questions in your own tongue, and look after your baggage; who will meet you on ship-board and hand you your final ticket home without making you feel robbed or bossed: that is the kind of a

conductor to engage if you can find him. We found him. Congenial companions who will enjoy the things you enjoy are to be devoutly wished for. The trodden paths of tourists are easily found. Break into your program and be independent to think and draw your own conclusions from discoveries made. Don't trust too much to guide books, nor yet discard them.

Name Scripture passages which are illuminated by customs observed in Bible lands today.

Ezekiel 16:4—"Thou wast not salted at all nor swaddled at all." Sinful Jerusalem is corrupt because not "salted or swaddled" as babes to preserve them. Natives of Bible lands believe that a child's body unless salted soon after birth will become corrupt or diseased and die. So mothers bathe the babes in brine or wrap them mummy fashion, in powdered salt and oil for from seven to forty days.

Luke 1:63.—"He asked for a writing tablet." Native schools are most inferior rooms where tenets of religion are chiefly memorized and a smattering of reading and writing taught by means of memory lesons inscribed on thick flat board "slates" smeared with whitewash. The lesson is written on this board and remains till fully committed to memory. Sometimes messages are sent on these tablets from place to place. Boys only are schooled. I have visited such schools in Palestine and Syria. Girls are not worth educating and scarcely worth naming. Only Christian Mission schools provide education for girls.

Deut. 19:14.—"Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark." The fields of Palestine are not marked off by fences or hedges. Corner stones are used instead.

Sometimes an unplowed strip marks the division of lands. No man dare tamper with his neighbor's landmark.

Matt. 3:12—Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly cleanse his threshing floor (R. V.).

The Palestine peasant uses no modern machinery, but works largely with implements and methods four thousand years old. Oxen are tied together and tread out the corn" (Deut. 25:4). Or a heavy board is studded with sharp spikes, is turned face downward and dragged through the grain as referred to in Isaaiah 41:15—"I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth."

Matt. 6:19.—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

Thieving is very common in Bible countries today. It is done in the open field.

When the grain is separated from the chaff, the tax assessor appears to claim at least one tenth of the produce. The same is true of the fruit of olive trees. Often the priest next comes in for his measure of the grain or fruit for the benefit of the Church. Other portions are used to pay back taxes or overdue debts. The balance is taken to their homes to be stored in mud-made bins plastered over at the top with bung holes at the bottom which are kept closed by dirty rags or rubbish. These mud-bins are thus easily accessible to worms and moths. Thieves can easily break these treasures open.

Matt. 6:30—"The grass of the field which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven." It is a common sight in the Holy Land to see women and children gathering dry twigs, grass and manure and loading them in bundles upon their heads or upon donkeys to be carried

to their homes or to market for fuel. Such fuel is kept in store for quick meals which are served free with accustomed Oriental hospitality, to the music of the "crackling of thorns under a pot" (Eccles. 7:6).

Isaiah 52:10.—"The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all nations." Isaiah 53:1—"To whom is the arm of the Lord revealed."

All who travel in Bible countries note the clumsy costumes of the people. But the loose flowing robes permit the air to get at the body in hot seasons, and the many folds protect from cold and serve as lounge garments when they lie or squat on the ground or on floors of their homes, which means the same thing. The pointed long sleeves often contain pockets and when tied together and thrown about the neck, the whole sleeve is drawn above the shoulder and the arm bared for action. It is what we do when we "roll up our sleeves" for any task. It means something unusual is about to be undertaken. Hence, when the Lord bares His "holy arm" there is "something doing" of almighty qualities.

Psalm 23—One will never be able to read this psalm of all ages with fullest appreciation till he has watched the herds and studied the shepherd life of Palestine and Syria. Lambs are the special care of the shepherds. They are given in payment. They must be handled, named, and treated almost as we guard our children in the Occident. The intimate relations of sheep and shepherd gives everlasting glow to the words "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." No other care, no other house than the one He provides will suffice. Surely His "goodness and mercy shall fllow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

XXIV.

OUR JOURNEY IN RHYME

The Palestine party, Ray Allen in lead,
Have crossed the wide ocean at Orient speed.
Their number recorded is twenty and three;
Their spirits congenial, their minds are care free.

Count Birks, Brown and Amstutz, add Morris and Frye,
With Potts, Smith and Witham, all men of keen eye.
Forget not Lou Monchow, our weighty "bach" brother.
Queen Allen, first Lady, we call her our "Mother."

Recall Madame Curtis, many years a good teacher;
Miss Crawford, her chum, has the semblance of preacher;
Mesdames Morris, Smith and Witham, with Switzer girls three;
Then Robsart and Hayes, and Miss Freeman still free.

This party of tourists, now over the seas,
On camel or donkey, by carriage, thro' fleas,
Are ready for wonders, are anxious to learn
Of places and people wherever they turn.

The rain cannot daunt, nor strange languages thwart
The purposes firm they hold in their heart;
They would tread holy lands revealed in His word,
They would freshen the story oft told of their Lord.

See Athens with beauty and grandeur renowned,
Acropolis Mount with wrecked glory full crowned;
We honor Mars Hill, Paul's footsteps retrace,
And leave with regrets this most marvelous place.

Old Egypt and Cairo next captivate thought;
Cheops, tombs and Sphinx by ancient hands wrought,
Till oppressed by the mysteries hid in the sand
We buy ourselves beads from this Nile-favored land.

We soon enter Joppa, then Simon's roof seek,
Find Tabitha's well, meet Latin and Greek,
Churches sacred, mosques many, rocks, flowers and plain,
Orange, olive and "baksheesh" again and again.

To Zion the Great her mountains belong;
Her water so bad, her odors so strong,
Her Omar so grand and worshipers poor,
Gethsemane's trees and Bethlehem's lore.

We climb Olivet's summit and gaze toward the sea;
And Bethany's hill where Christ loved to be;
We drive to the Jordan, we drink at the well.
We pass on to Nazareth, only to tell

Of the days spent with Jesus by Galilee's wave.
Shall we now count our blessings He so mercifully gave?
Shall we cherish His name who walks with us still,
Rewarding our visit to Zion's loved hill?

We pass to Damascus under Syria's sun,
Where Paul made his record of service begun.
Here Naaman had lived and Abana still flows,—
Dogs and dirt crowd the streets, what else no one knows.

Moslems are thriving by shopping and prayer.
The Harem man fusses and gives us a scare;
But Baalbeck restores us with wonderful sights
Of vast pillars, with stones and ancient delights.

Beirut shows her vineyards, her mountains, her sea,
Her silk-worms; and schools which promise to free
The great Turkish empire from ignorance and war,
And turn Orient eyes again to Christ's star.

We fitly absorb all the sights we have seen
And face towards the sunset to be sea-sick again.
But onward "Equator," screw onward our wheel
And make us more thankful as better we feel.

In Constantine's city at last we arrive.
At Kroecker hotel, where we care not to live.
We first gather our party, the Allens to praise,
Lest fortune shall part us before many days.

We now visit Sophia, the mosque unsurpassed;
The dervishes shock us; the Golden Horn's crossed;
The Sultan and Bosporus all have been seen,
We leave Asia and Fez caps; good-bye, harem screen.

The Balkans await us; we hasten to cross
By rail this weird country, not thinking what loss
Confronts us—Our loved "mother" grows ill,
Then falls at Sophia—'Tis our Father's strange will.

The sad news at Belgrade, and later at Rome
Compels us to weep, though we know she's at home."
Our leader is crushed, our party distressed;
But duty calls forward; our faith gives us rest.

Venice raptures our vision. St. Mark's stratles our thought;
We ride in gondolas, canals strangely wrought
Into streets compel us to laud her sweet charms
And sleep quite serenely, all free from alarms.

Florence opens before us with galleries fine,
All full of art gems; they are as a vast mine.
For Angelo's "David" we scarcely can wait—
Cross Arno's old bridge; read the heretic's fate.

The seven-hilled city, our old classic Rome,
Must be seen with its treasures, and hither we come.
The tombs and the Forum, with all their rich past,
St. Paul's and the Vatician, St. Peter's at last.

View Aurora's bright colors, and Rome of today,
Modern life with foundations which seem laid to stay.
Emanuel's monument, Italia's firm hope;
Admire the fountains, say farewell to the Pope.

Plow north through the tunnels, see Pisa's strange tower,
Touch the home of Columbus; feel the thrill of that hour;
Find Milan's Cathedral, so grand and so high
That it woos up its stairway our brave brother Frye.

The Alps now confront us by tunnel and pass.
Their peaks, cliffs and snow-caps, enhanced by our glass;
We enter rough Switzerland, the goal of one brother,
Who finds barber and pleasure as not in another.

We climb to the glacier, we drink of the fountain,
We play with the snow-balls, we descend the mountain
To find Lucerne's "Lion" and sail on her lake.
Swiss music enchants us! How can we forsake?

But Strasburg and Bingen and all the fair Rhine
Afford us such pleasure we need not the wine
Of even our Germans, so good and so stout;
We buy Cologne water while traveling about.

But Holland awaits us, soft bread and all such,
Good cheese, cows, dogs, Heaven bless the Dutch!
Their women are clean; and their men care to work;
Their money is queer;; their mills go with a jerk.

Their fences are water, their towns are all "dammed,"
But their Hague is a jewel, their markets are jammed;
Smell their flowers! These Dutch, let us hope they are good,
We can never forget their "House in the Wood."

Three days next in Belgium to see Waterloo!
Remember the "Palace of Justice" there too;
The grotto of Han with its underground river;
Her mines and her fruit from the bountiful Giver.

But Paris surpasses them all in the light
Of women, and clothes and jewels at night.
Of course art is at par, and beauty is seen
In fashion and paintings, in sculpture and green.

Napoleon, their warrior, the tall Eiffel tower.
The Louvre and the Luxembourg, all have their power
With railways and wine to bring tourists there
And leave many wrecked with tales of despair.

We hasten to England to finish our tour,
Old London, the rich, though friend of the poor,
Her churches, her Abbey and history are great;
Her men and her methods are quite up-to-date.

We honor St. Paul's built by Christopher Wren,
Old Westminster Abbey with tombs of famed men;
While City Road Chapel and cemeteries near
Recall Wesleys and Bunyan, DeFoe and Shakespeare.

Nelson and Gladstone, and Trafalgar Square,
The "Tower" and the "Jewels" say "There's power in the air."
While the British museum and great crowded stage
All prophecy peace and a new golden age.

Oh, Palestine Party, 'tis blessed to know
The Master is with us wherever we go;
In sunshine, in shadow, we'll acknowledge His love
And hope we shall meet the Allens above.

Our mission is searching, our finding is joy;
We are journeying heavenward, there without alloy
We shall answer all questions in unbroken light;
We shall press His sure footprints where all will be bright.

Good-bye chained Orient, America's free;
Her flag's full of stars, and those stars shine for me.
The lands of the past, and those yet to come
Can woo me no longer, I'm on my way home.

ON SEA HOMEWARD

Old ocean throbs with sighs sublime,
Her thoughts she seems to keep.
She watches o'er the wrecks of time
Beneath her waves asleep.

Her white caps speak of His command
Who rules from sea to sea,
Who holds the billows in his hand
From fear to keep us free.

When ships are driven for and near,
'Tis He who opens ways
For merchants and for tourists clear
While pass the happy days.

Far down, the silent cables bear
The words of toil and kings.
The wireless messages in air
Proclaim a thousand things.

The serpents great and fish at ease
All have their home at sea,
But graves of loved ones, wrecks, disease,
Start thoughts of what might be.

But ocean's depths and Father's love
Mean both the same to me,
If only His great eye above
Shall watch o'er land and sea.

The voice of waves declares the day
When there shall be no sea
And righteousness shall lead the way
And slaves to sin be free.

Before His throne a crystal sea,
In prophecy is blest,
For saints thro' all eternity
To walk and be at rest.

With awe and faith for ocean's deep,
And thanks for friendship's tie,
Hope soars beyond the grave's long sleep
To Heaven's glad home on high.